

THE GRENADA SENTINEL.

VOLUME LXXI.

GRENADA, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1923.

NUMBER 8.

CONNER'S FRIENDS GATHER IN GRENADA

Sixteen Counties Represented in Meeting of Supporters of Mike Conner Held in Grenada Monday Afternoon. Enthusiastic Over Strength of Their Candidate. Many Expressions Received From Leading Women Over the State. Make Plans for Intensive Campaign. Set Forth Reasons Why Voters Should Rally to Conner for Governor.

A number of the enthusiastic friends of Conner from north central and northwest Mississippi met in Grenada Tuesday to plan for more effective work between now and the first primary. There were 16 counties represented.

The announcement was made that the reports from these counties were most gratifying, and the most satisfactory feature, it was stated, was the fact that everywhere, "Conner is growing and that it is almost universally conceded that he will be one of the two to go into the second primary."

These friends of Conner state that they are going to press upon the attention of the voters especially the following:

1. That Vardaman's Weekly, a publication with which the Ex-Senator has now no connection, the mouthpiece of Lee Russell, is pouring out its bitterest wrath on Conner.

2. That Bilbo makes Conner the subject of a great deal of his speeches and that that ex-official seems to balk at nothing, regardless of the facts and the record, in his vicious attacks on Conner.

3. That Conner and Conner almost alone, of the gubernatorial candidates, has been standing up in true American style and meeting the attacks of this newspaper organ and of this ex-official, and at the same time he has been giving specific indictments as to how the Bilbo and the Russell administrations have prostituted the great office of governor and imposed upon the confidence of the people.

4. That the insane hospital scandal, the debauchery and lechery practiced there at the expense of the poor unfortunates committed to the care of the State during the Bilbo administration, was uncovered through the efforts of Mike Conner.

TOTALING REGISTRATION OF THE COUNTY

Grenada Polls Practically Half County Vote.

The following is the registration by precincts up to July 7. It will be seen that the total vote in Grenada, numbers 929 of which 321 are women and that the total number of women registered in the County is 659:

	Men	Women	Total
East Grenada	302	159	461
West Grenada	306	162	468
Total in City	608	321	929
Tie Plant	45	21	66
Elliott	29	21	50

	Men	Women	Total
Total Beat One	682	363	1045
Providence	66	27	93
Pleasant Grove	25	22	47
Gore Springs	58	21	79
Graysport	33	18	51
Mt. Nebo	27	19	46
Spears	24	6	30
Kirkman	66	18	84
Hardy	38	19	57
Mullin	10	8	18
Mims	19	13	32
Pea Ridge	64	22	86
Oxberry	48	15	63
Holcomb	173	88	261

CANDIDATES TO SPEAK AT HOLCOMB

County Candidates to Orate There Saturday Afternoon.

It seems that a number in the vicinity of Holcomb thought they would like to have some expression from county and district candidates on public issues, accordingly an invitation was extended these gentlemen to meet there Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock to make short addresses. It is understood that the candidates for floater-representative will be among those to speak. Let everybody in that vicinity come out and give the anxious ones a hearing.

CONNER WILL SPEAK IN GRENADA

Hon. Mike Conner, the man upon whom Lee Russell and Bilbo are spending their wrath in this race for Governor, will speak at the court house in Grenada, Wednesday night July 25, at 8 o'clock. Everybody most cordially invited to hear him and the ladies are respectfully urged to come out.

Mr. Conner will also speak that afternoon at about 3 o'clock at Cascilla.

GRENADA BANK OFFICIALS HOLD MEETING MONDAY

Stockholders and Directors Meet in Semi-Annual Conclave. Reports Show First Six Months a Fine Business. Several Addresses. Hon. Ben Humphreys Eloquently Presented by Cowles Horton. Humphreys Makes Sound Democratic Speech. Rail Roads and Townner-Sterling Bill. Dinner at Spring Lake. Young Salmon Furnishes Radio.

The semi-annual meeting of the stockholders and directors of the Grenada Bank and its branches at Ackerman, Belzoni, Calhoun City, Charleston, Eupora, Moorhead, Louisville, McCool, Noxapater, Oakland, Sumner and Vardaman was held in Grenada today with a splendid attendance. Besides those directly concerned in the welfare of Grenada Bank and its branches, there was an unusually large number of visitors and invited guests from Grenada and the territory served by the banks.

The meeting was presided over by J. T. Thomas, president, the man to whom in the very largest measure is due the success and prosperity of the system, who in his usual happy manner, welcomed the visitors and made them feel perfectly at home here. The reports of the officers of the various banks were highly creditable and the showings made to the directors and stockholders were gratifying indeed. At the business meeting, plans were presented and discussed of ways to make the banks of still more service to their customers and of how they could be still greater factors in the upbuilding and development of the various communities.

At noon, the visitors and guests were served with a delightful barbecued dinner of chicken, mutton, Brunswick stew, cold drinks, etc. at Spring Lake Club, north of town. During the course of this excellent prepared dinner, a radio concert from the Commercial Appeal's broadcasting station was heard and greatly enjoyed.

John Talbert Salmon, the older son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Salmon, erected the radio station and to him is largely due the credit for the concert. John is an artist in this respect. For several years he has had a radio station in the home and his services have been utilized to erect a number of stations, one on the main line of the Y. & M. V. in the delta. He is a fine young fellow and seems to delight in having something really worth while to do.

As has been the custom of the Grenada Bank for a number of years the social and educative is always mixed with the business affairs of the stockholders' meetings. There were several musical numbers that greatly pleased the meeting.

Rev. G. S. Harmon, the noted Methodist divine from South Mississippi, and editor of a number of newspapers, was present by invitation and responded to a 10-minute address to the call of the president. Mr. Harmon was eloquent in his remarks and emphasized the necessity of bankers and business men thinking more about soul saving and getting men to square their lives with the demands of their Maker.

Mr. Riley Wilson of Wheeling, W. Va., was present by invitation of the bank management and made an appealing address consisting of humor and pathos.

Hon. Ben Humphreys of Greenville, one of the most useful members of the lower house of Congress, a place he has been filling with distinction for more than twenty years, was the speaker of the occasion. Mr. Humphreys was formally presented by Mr. Cowles Horton, who took occasion to make a few observations about the necessity of adhering strictly to the Constitution of the United States and the reenthroning of ideas of governmental policy that have played such a prominent part in writing into the world's history America as the ideal government and the American people as the greatest on the globe.

CONNER FOLLOWS BILBO AT DENTVILLE

Brands Man of Bribery Fame and of Insane Asylum Scandal in Terms That Bring Shouts From Audience. Conner Shows Himself a Master of Words and one Who Can Run Any of That Bunch off the Stump. Conner Came to the Core. Asks no Quarter nor Does he Give Any. Wins Supporters.

Dentville, July 11.—Special to the Clarion-Ledger. — Following two hours after Theo. G. Bilbo had finished addressing a large picnic crowd here today, Sennett Conner, candidate for Governor directed his remarks chiefly to the Ex-Governor and throughout the course of his hour's address flayed Bilbo and held his shortcomings up before the people who listened attentively throughout his address.

Mr. Conner declared that he would much prefer to make a statesmanly address and leave out all mention of a man whose very name was offensive to thousands of people, but that since the principal plank in Bilbo's platform was Mike Conner and since he seemed to consider the only appreciable obstruction in his path to be Mike Conner, that he proposed to shed his coat, roll up his sleeves and "pick a jail bird and skin an asylum skunk."

"I think it a sad day for any state," said Mr. Conner "when a man can joke his way from the jail house to the Governors mansion. Bilbo's political life began with bribery and closed with the Insane Asylum scandal and now his new birth has taken place in a jail house."

Responding to the charge that he does not know how to work, Mr. Conner said that before he was twenty-one he had worked for and secured two diplomas from the state University and that he got one from Yale with distinction in his class. He said further that he had represented more clients in one year in the courts of South Mississippi than Bilbo had in ten years and in addition he had kept books two years and had helped run a store and farm. "Bilbo knows Mike Conner will work" continued the speaker "because I have been working on him for eight years and expect to keep at it until he is buried beneath an avalanche of votes that will forever end his attempts at political comeback."

\$500 IN GOLD DISTRIBUTED LAST SATURDAY

An unusually large crowd was in Grenada last Saturday afternoon for the second distribution of \$500 of the \$2000 in gold which is being given away this year by Grenada merchants.

The first award, \$100, was made to Ira G. Rounsaville, who was the holder of number 839550. The second of \$50 to Mrs. C. H. Calhoun who held number 139416.

The other numbers follow: 890216, 113947, 237921, 611479, 614310, 106298, 849389, 054134, 082382 are entitled to \$25. 089405, 089476, 592793, 036022, 221023, 205766, 085809, 199487, 022324, 010125, 847832 are entitled to \$10.

756842, 558464, 796595 each \$5. The above tickets will be redeemed upon presentation to Miss Estelle Rollins.

TRIBBLE-WOODS

On last Friday afternoon at three o'clock, Miss Rosie Woods was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Ivan Tribble, the ceremony taking place at the home of the bride's mother eight miles east of Coffeeville and being said by Rev. Eugene Farr of the First Baptist Church in Grenada.

Mrs. Tribble is the daughter of Mrs. Susie Woods and is a young woman who has had instilled in her since childhood the knowledge that the duties of the home come first always. She is attractive in personality and has a gracious disposition and her husband should count himself fortunate on having won her heart and hand.

Mr. Tribble is the night engineer at the city power plant in Grenada, and his years of service in this position bear testimony to his industry. He enjoys the confidence and esteem of those who know him best.

The Sentinel wishes the couple a smooth voyage and much happiness through life.

CHILD DROWNED AT DUCK HILL

Clyde Raper, nine year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Raper, of Duck Hill, was drowned in Bogue river last Friday afternoon just east of the family home. This tragedy is but one of thousands of others like it; the little fellow had gone to the river with some other little friends without his parents' permission and had gotten into water hardly over his head where he drowned. The body was recovered in less than hour and Dr. T. J. Brown from here was phoned for and asked to bring his pulmotor which he did but no sign of life was ever discovered. The child's remains were laid to rest the next morning after funeral services were impressively held. To the grief stricken, The Sentinel tenders sincere sympathy.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. E. B. FITZWATER, D. D.,
Teacher of English Bible in the Moody
Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR JULY 22

JOHN THE APOSTLE

LESSON TEXT—Luke 9:49-56; John 19:25-27; 1 John 4:7, 8.
GOLDEN TEXT—"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 John 4:16.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—Mark 1:16-20; John 13:21-25; Acts 4:13-20; Rev. 1:9.
PRIMARY TOPIC—The Disciple Whom Jesus Loved.
JUNIOR TOPIC—John, the Beloved Disciple.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—John, the Bosom Friend of Jesus.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—A Character Study of John.

I. His Intolerance of Irregular Service (Luke 9:49-50).

John was conscientious in his intolerance of this disciple. There seems to have been no question but what the man was really casting out devils, even though he did not possess the same credentials as the twelve apostles. There seems to have been no question as to the reality of the truth which this disciple taught or the work he did. The same spirit has been manifested all through the Christian centuries. Whoever witnesses truly of Christ and does His work has God's recognition. Christ rebuked John's intolerance and declared that "he that is not against us is for us." May we everywhere show the same consideration to those who are doing the Lord's work even though they are not members of our particular church.

II. John's Righteous Indignation (Luke 9:51-56).

1. Jesus' Face Set Toward Jerusalem (vv. 51-53). He knew what was before Him. He knew the awful fate awaiting Him at Jerusalem. Even though the dark shadow of the cross hung across his path He resolutely moved forward for the ordeal. The cross was no accident. The supreme purpose of His coming was to save the world through His sacrificial death. This was in the plan of God from all eternity. The cross is the grand center of the Christian religion. Everyone who follows Jesus must take up his cross.

2. The Intolerable Samaritans (v. 54). The Lord was to pass through Samaria. His way to Jerusalem. When the people there heard that He was coming they sent messengers to Him. They said to Him, "Lord, abide with us." This meant to the Lord to remain in the city. John and James said they desired to call down fire from heaven to consume the Samaritans. It was John's love for his Lord that prompted this suggestion. Christ rebuked him and corrected his spirit, but He knew that it proceeded from a heart of love. Love will brook no insult to its object. Mistaken love has done much harm in the church. The pages of history are red with the blood of heretics. The everlasting shame of the persecutors. Persecution is not the way to deal with those who differ with us. The spirit is not only wrong, but it is futile, for the blood of the martyrs has always become the seed of the church. May Christ's rebuke to John take from our hearts the spirit of intolerance and revenge. Jesus came not to destroy men, but to save them.

III. John's Care of Christ's Mother (John 19:25-27).

1. Jesus Saw His Mother (v. 26). Perhaps His physical suffering had so dimmed His vision that He had not seen her before. But even His death agonies did not cause Him to forget her. While engaged in the redemption of the world, He displayed His tender human interest in this beautiful act. The cross is the center from which love flows.

2. John Took Mary to His Own Home (v. 27). The same John who wished to call down fire upon the inhospitable Samaritans now was engaged in the tenderest act of human affection. He was caring for the mother of his Lord. The reason Jesus entrusted her to John was that He knew his heart of love. He knew that John's experience was such that he could enter into full sympathy with her in her great sorrow.

IV. Test of Divine Birth (1 John 4:7, 8).

John's experiences in life were such that now near the close of his life he declared that the supreme test of fellowship in the divine life is love. Love is the bond of perfection—the cord that binds all virtues into one harmonious bundle. All the fruits of the Christian life spring out of this root. God is love. All that is good and beautiful in our lives is but the very life of God flowing through us.

So With All Men.

All men think all mortal but themselves.—Young.

Religion Is Necessary.

Genius, without religion, is only a lamp on the outer gate of a palace; it may serve to cast a gleam of light on those that are without, while the inhabitant is in darkness.—H. More.

Fortune of Complaint.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.—Johnson.

Must Count on Christ.

All history is incomprehensible without Christ.—Rennan.

The Student.

Don't despair of a student if he has one clear idea.—Emmons.

Trust in the Lord.

Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.—Ps. 37:3.

The Student.

Don't despair of a student if he has one clear idea.—Emmons.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. E. B. FITZWATER, D. D.,
Teacher of English Bible in the Moody
Bible Institute of Chicago.)
Copyright, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.

LESSON FOR JULY 15

SIMON PETER

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 16:13-18; John 21:15-17.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."—John 21:17.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—John 1:35-42; John 18:10-11; 20:1-10; 21:1-23; Acts 2:1-5.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Peter, the Helper of Jesus.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Leader of the Twelve.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Peter's Failures and Successes.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Peter's Weaknesses and Strengths.

I. His Name. (John 1:42).

The name which he bore when introduced to Christ was Simon, which means "hearing." But Jesus gave him a new name—"Peter," which means "rock." This showed what he was to become.

II. His Call. (John 1:41, 42).

His brother Andrew brought him to Christ. This brought him into fellowship with the Lord. From ordinary discipleship he was called to special ministry (Luke 5:10). From being a fisherman he was called to catch men.

III. Peter's Character.

1. Sincere. What Peter was at heart could be read on his face. He was free from duplicity. People could understand him. Because of this characteristic they could tell when he was lying. Yet even when people knew he was in error they could believe in him. He seems to have been ignorant of the word "diplomacy."

2. Prompt. He had the ability to decide and act quickly, as the occasion demanded. This made him a real leader. His action at the empty tomb was an example of his promptitude. John outran Peter, but Peter was the first to enter the tomb. When Cornelius sent for him at Joppa he responded without delay.

3. Courageous. While Peter played the coward sometimes, he was for the most part a brave man. No doubt it was through cowardice that he denied the Lord, but it was his courage that brought him to follow the Lord into the palace of the high priest.

4. Intense. He felt keenly and acted with vigor. Whether right or wrong, what he did he did with all his might. When he preached it was with passion. No finer example of burning eloquence can be found than his Pentecost sermon.

IV. Peter's Confession of Christ (Matt. 16:13-18; 21:23).

The disciples had been with the Lord for several years. They had heard His mighty words and seen His mighty works. Various opinions were extant about Him. It was now necessary for them to have a definite conception of Him. The Master-Teacher knew the necessity of having the disciples get the right conception of Himself.

1. What It Was (v. 16). It involved His Messiahship—"The Christ," and deity—"Son of the living God." This is the burning question today. Those who have the right conception of Christ's person and mission have no trouble in the realms of science, philosophy or ethics.

2. Christ's Commendation (v. 17). He pronounced him blessed. Truly he was blessed, for he both possessed and confessed the Christ. The evidence that Peter was blessed was that he was in spiritual touch with the Father in Heaven.

3. Peter's Blessing (v. 18). Christ declared that he should be the foundation stone in His church. Christ is the chief cornerstone on which the church is built. Christ's person and Messiahship was confessed by Peter, and on this rock is laid the foundation of apostles and prophets (Eph. 2:20). All believers are living stones of this house (1 Peter 2:5).

V. Peter's Restoration (John 21:15-17).

Peter grievously sinned in denying the Lord, but he made a confession, shedding bitter tears of penitence over his sin and folly. The Lord tenderly dealt with His erring disciple and restored him. In this restoration He brought to Peter's mind the essential qualification for his ministry. Love is the pre-eminent gift for Christ's service. To impress this upon him, he three times asked the question, "Lovest thou me?" Three classes of people were to be served: (1) Those being given the Christian life—"Feed my lambs." (2) The mature Christians—"Shepherd my sheep." The shepherd needs to protect and feed the sheep. Love is the one essential equipment for his service. (3) The aged Christians—"Feed my sheep." Love is needed in dealing with the fathers and mothers in Israel.

Injuries.

Rather wink at small injuries than to be too forward to avenge them. He that to destroy a single bee should throw down the hive, instead of one enemy, would make a thousand.

Trust in the Lord.

Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.—Ps. 37:3.

The Student.

Don't despair of a student if he has one clear idea.—Emmons.

Queer Feelings

"Some time ago, I was very irregular," writes Mrs. Cora Robie, of Pikeville, Ky. "I suffered a great deal, and knew I must do something for this condition. I suffered mostly with my back and a weakness in my limbs. I would have dreadful headaches. I had hot flashes and very queer feelings, and oh, how my head hurt! I read of

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

and of others, who seemed to have the same troubles I had, being benefited, so I began to use it. I found it most beneficial. I took several bottles . . . and was made so much better I didn't have any more trouble of this kind. It regulated me."

Cardui has been found very helpful in the correction of many cases of painful female disorders, such as Mrs. Robie mentions above. If you suffer as she did, take Cardui—a purely vegetable, medicinal tonic, in use for more than 40 years. It should help you. Sold Everywhere.

E 90



HIS word is the best bond that any honest business man can put up. We have given Goodyear our word that every customer who buys a Goodyear Tire from us will get real Goodyear Service. We are keeping our word—and we are satisfying old customers and winning new ones.

As Goodyear Service Station Dealers we sell and recommend the new Goodyear Cards with the beveled All-Weather Tread and back them up with standard Goodyear Service.

MEER MOTOR CO.

GOOD YEAR

FOR LONG STEADY FIRE USE CORONA

"CALL 10 FOR COAL"

WOOD

KINDLING

Jay-Em-Bee Coal Co.

Rimrock Trail

By J. ALLAN DUNN

Author of "A Man to His Mate" Etc.

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright, 1922, by J. Allan Dunn.

this morning and then the telegram came.

"Talkin' about what?" "His sweetheart. Now he can marry her with this opportunity. She may sell with him. Isn't it fine? He showed me her picture."

"It's the best news I've heard of a long time," answered Sandy sofly. "I'm sleepy," said Molly. "Good-night, Sandy, dear."

She put her lips to his tanned cheek and left him in a maze. The dying fire leaped up and the room lightened. It died down again, but Sandy sat there, smoking cigarette after cigarette.

CHAPTER XVIII

Dehorned.

Miranda Bailey had offered to come in for Westlake with her car, but the train went early and he had refused. Molly drove him in the buckboard, his



But Sandy Sat There, Smoking Cigarette After Cigarette.

grips stowed behind, and Sandy saw them go with the old light back in his eyes. He gave Westlake a grip of the hand that made him wince.

"You can rely upon my information being correct," were Westlake's last words, spoken aside before he climbed into the buckboard and Molly flitted the reins over the backs of the team shooting off at top speed.

She came back a little before noon, her eyes wide with excitement.

"Mr. Keith's in town," she said. "With Donald and his secretary, Mr. Blake. He asked me if Mr. Westlake had been here and seemed annoyed when I told him I had just seen him off on the train. They all came from Casey Town in the big car, Mr. Keith has some business in Hereford. He and Mr. Blake will stay on their private car. He told me to tell you he would be out tomorrow to see you. Oh, here's a telegram for you."

"Thanks," Sandy tucked the envelope in his pocket. "Hop out, Molly, and I'll put up the team."

"I'll help you. I haven't forgotten how to unhitch." Her nimble fingers worked as fast as Sandy's with buckles, coiling traces and looping reins.

"Goin' to take Donald Keith out to a real ride on a real hawss?" he asked her.

"Yes. Tomorrow. He's keen to go. You'll come. And Sam and Kate?" "I've got a hunch I'm goin' to be busy ter-morrer. Keith's comin', fo' one thing."

"I forgot. I wish you could come." Molly went into the house and he opened the telegram. It was from Brandon, as he expected.

"Thanks. Coming immediately. Was starting anyway. That trap worked. May need horses for eight. Will you arrange?"

"BRANDON."

"It sure looks like a busy day ter-morrer," Sandy said half aloud. "Keith and Brandon—which means roundin' up Jim Plimsoll. Sam don't get to any place, either. He'll have to 'tend to the hawsses."

The Keith touring car arrived in mid-afternoon with young Keith at the wheel, the chauffeur beside him, grips in the tonneau. Young Keith inspected the corrals and the stock with eager interest and the riders with a certain measure of awe, which he transferred to Sandy on learning that he had broken two colts that morning. "Know what time yore father expects to be out?" Sandy asked him.

"He didn't say. He's got some business to attend to. Some time in the forenoon, I imagine."

Keith Senior arrived after lunch had been cleared the next day. He was brisk and brusque, breathing prosperity.

"I was detained in Hereford, Bourke," he said. "I haven't much time for anything but a flying visit. Donald's out with Molly, you say. I'll leave him with you on your invitation and pick him up when we go back East. That will be in about a week. Sooner than I expected. I'd like to spare a day to look over the ranch. I've heard fine things about it."

"Thanks," drawled Sandy laconically. "Glad to have a talk with you, Sam. Mr. Blake might like to see the hawsses gentled that came up this mornin'."

Keith raised his eyebrows but said nothing. Leaving Blake, Sandy led Keith to his office, rolled a cigarette, offered a chair to his visitor and smoked, waiting for the latter to open the talk.

"There are some papers for you to

examine, as Molly's guardian," said Keith. "But Blake has them."

"We'll take them up later. Anything else?" "Nothing of great importance. I hear Westlake has been over here, Bourke. We had a misunderstanding. Sorry to lose him, since you recommended him. His opinion clashed with that of my engineer-in-charge, an expert of high standing. Westlake was hot-headed and would not brook being overruled. There is no doubt but that he was mistaken. He is a valuable man, under a superior, but he is intolerant."

"He didn't strike me that way," said Sandy. "Me, I set a good deal on his opinion."

"I didn't imagine you knew much about mining, Bourke," Keith looked at his watch. "I'll really have to be going as soon as you have looked over those papers. Hadn't we better call Blake?"

Sandy looked out of the window. He saw Miranda Bailey's flivver halting by the big car, Mormon walking toward her, and wondered what had brought her over. Then he saw Mormon leave Miranda and come toward the office, bowling along at top speed. "Excuse me a minute, Keith," he said. "My partner wants to see me."

Keith's face wore a scowl as Sandy stepped outside. His conscience was not entirely clear and he did not like the general atmosphere of the office. He took out a cigar, bit off the end savagely and lit it.

"Mirandy wants to see you," panted Mormon. "She's found out something about Keith that sure shows his play. He's been disordin'!"

The Keith chauffeur had wandered off to the corrals where Sam was showing Blake around. Miranda handed Sandy a long envelope.

"Hen Collins had an accident last night," she said. "Blew a tire on the bridge by our place and smashed through the railin'. Busted a rib or two and was knocked out. We took him in. Hen was grateful to Ed for takin' him in an' puttin' him to bed an' sendin' fo' the doctor. Don't open that envelop, that Keith would might be lookin'. I reckon you'll want to spring it on him sudden."

"Sure," said Sandy. "Spring what?"

"I'm flustered," admitted Miranda. "I usually talk straight. Now I'll start to the beginnin'. When Keith arrived on this trip he held quite a reception in his private car. Ed was there with the rest. He invited them up fo' cigars. Talked big about Casey Town an' generally patted himself on the back. Said it was too bad all the stock of the Molly wasn't held locally, but of course the pure promoter had to have something fo' his money. He was real affable."

"This time, when he came back yesterday, he brings up the subject an' I don't know how many he saw or how what he said, but this is what he told Hen. 'That Casey Town was boom'n' big an' that his own holdin's was nettin' him a heap. That he liked Hen fine an' had picked him out as a representative citizen. With a lot mo' slush, the upshot of which was that he lets him have a hundred shares of the Molly mine at par. Hen was to say nothing about it because, says Keith, if it got out he was sellin' stock, it would send down the price of the shares. Hen was sure tickled. He wouldn't have said a word about it only Ed picks these shares up out of the bed of the creek an' give them to Hen after he'd been fixed up."

"Ed went nosin' around Hereford this mornin'. He got eight men—their names is inside the envelope—Creel one of 'em—to admit they bought some shares. Mighty glad they was to have 'em. Ed didn't tell 'em anything different, but he come scootin' home at noon an' I borrowed Hen's certificate, seein' he was asleep. An' here it is."

"Mirandy," said Sandy. "I'll let Mormon tell you what we all think of you. You've sure dealt me an ace."

He returned to the office. Keith eyed the envelope.

"Blake comin'?" he asked.

"Not yet. When do we get another dividend from the Molly, Keith?"

Keith laughed. "Needin' some ready money?"

"How about the dividend?" "Why, that depends upon the output," Keith's voice purred but his eyes had narrowed. "The output has been big. The Molly has been a bonanza, so far. I do not think it will always to pay dividends according to the immediate production, however. It is better, as a rule, to average it, generally to develop the mine as a whole rather than work the first rich veins."

"That's why you boarded up the stores?"

Keith's face grew dark. The veins twitched at his temples.

"Look here, Bourke," he blustered. "You've been listening to some fool talk prob'ly that cub, Westlake. I know my business. You've got some stock in the mine, twenty-five per cent. I've got forty-nine per cent. Molly . . ."

"If you had forty-nine per cent I wouldn't be worryin' so much."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I took you fo' a better gambler than to git mad," said Sandy. "I'll just ask you a question on behalf of myself an' partners' twenty-five per cent an' Molly's twenty-six, me bein' her-guardian. Plump an' plain, is the Molly pinched out? How about it?"

"It's a d-d falsehood."

"Then why are you sellin' your stock?"

The words came like bullets as Sandy whipped the certificate out of the envelope and slapped it smartly on the desk. Keith whitened, flushed and recovered himself.

"If I was not friendly to you, Bourke, I should take that as a direct insult. I can understand that you believe in Westlake and take stock in what he told you. But he is a discharged employee. He has every reason . . ."

Sandy held up his hand.

"He's a friend of mine," he said. "Keith, I may not know the mining game—as you play it. In some ways I've played that a heap. I can tell pretty well when a man's bluffin'. Maybe you're losin' some of yore nerve lately. You show it in yore face. I don't hanker to insult a man but—I don't believe you. An' here's this stock you sold. I've got the names of more you sold it to. Why?"

"I have a right to sell my stock."

"You ain't goin' to exercise that right, Keith. You may make a business sellin' chances to folks who like to buy 'em, but you can't sell Hereford folks paper when they think they're buyin' gold. You'll give me the money you got fo' the shares with a list of the men you sold 'em to an' I'll tell 'em the Molly is pinched out—'as it is."

"You must be crazy, man! They wouldn't believe you. If you went round with a statement like that you'd lose every cent of your own and your ward's. You have no right . . ."

"Trouble is with you, you don't know the meanin' of that last word," said Sandy. "Right is jest what I aim to do. We'll put it up to Molly an' you'll see where she stands. We don't do business out West the way you do. We don't rob our friends or even try an' run a razzoo on strangers. The Molly'll shut down. I'll git you to give me a statement 'long with the money an' the list fo' me to check up, sayin' you've just had news the vein has petered out sudden—like it has. That's lettin' you down easy. I'm doin' this 'count of the fact you folks have looked out fo' Molly. An' I'm tellin' you, Keith, that if Hereford folks knew you'd deliberately sold them rotten stock, you an' yore private car might suffer considerable damage befo' you got away. I'd sure advise you to come across."

Keith looked into the face of Sandy

and, briefly, into his eyes, hard as steel.

and, briefly, into his eyes, hard as steel. He made one more attempt. "Let's talk common sense, Bourke. The Molly is capitalized for a quarter of a million dollars. The stock can be sold at par if it's done quietly. I can dispose of it for you. There is no certainty that the mine will not produce richly when we strike through the second level of porphyry. There are plenty of people willing to buy shares on that chance after the showing already made. People buy stock as a gamble."

"No sense in you talkin' any mo' that way, Keith. Maybe you sell paper to folks who gamble on it, an' on what you tell 'em about the chances, makin' yore story gold-colored. Folks may like to git something fo' next to nothin', but I won't sell 'em nothin' fo' somethin', neitheer will my partners. neitheer will Molly Casey. She's a western gal. Above all, I won't gold-brick my friends. I know the mine is petered out. We've had our share of the gold in it an' we won't sell the dirt. No mo' wad Pat Casey, lyin' out there by the spring, if he was alive."

"Suppose I refuse?" asked Keith, his square face obstinate. "I've done nothing outside the law."

"To be—l with that kind of law! We make laws of our own out here once in a while. Justice is what we look fo', not law. I reckon you'll come through. Fo' one thing I expect to have yore boy visit with us till you do."

The promoter's face twisted uglyly and he lost control of himself. "Kidnaping? A western method of justice. Not the first time you've been mixed up in it either, from what I hear. You don't dare . . ."

Keith stopped abruptly. Sandy had not moved, but his eyes, from resembling orbs of chilled steel, seemed suddenly to throw off the blaze and heat of the molten metal.

"Fo' a promoter yore a mighty pore judge of men," he said. "I'm warnin' you not to ride any further along that trail. Yore son can stay here, or we can tell the Hereford folk what you've tried to hand to them. Yore apt to look like a buzzard that's fallen into a tar barrel after they git through with you, Keith. I can find

and, briefly, into his eyes, hard as steel. He made one more attempt. "Let's talk common sense, Bourke. The Molly is capitalized for a quarter of a million dollars. The stock can be sold at par if it's done quietly. I can dispose of it for you. There is no certainty that the mine will not produce richly when we strike through the second level of porphyry. There are plenty of people willing to buy shares on that chance after the showing already made. People buy stock as a gamble."

"No sense in you talkin' any mo' that way, Keith. Maybe you sell paper to folks who gamble on it, an' on what you tell 'em about the chances, makin' yore story gold-colored. Folks may like to git something fo' next to nothin', but I won't sell 'em nothin' fo' somethin', neitheer will my partners. neitheer will Molly Casey. She's a western gal. Above all, I won't gold-brick my friends. I know the mine is petered out. We've had our share of the gold in it an' we won't sell the dirt. No mo' wad Pat Casey, lyin' out there by the spring, if he was alive."

"Suppose I refuse?" asked Keith, his square face obstinate. "I've done nothing outside the law."

"To be—l with that kind of law! We make laws of our own out here once in a while. Justice is what we look fo', not law. I reckon you'll come through. Fo' one thing I expect to have yore boy visit with us till you do."

The promoter's face twisted uglyly and he lost control of himself. "Kidnaping? A western method of justice. Not the first time you've been mixed up in it either, from what I hear. You don't dare . . ."

Keith stopped abruptly. Sandy had not moved, but his eyes, from resembling orbs of chilled steel, seemed suddenly to throw off the blaze and heat of the molten metal.

"Fo' a promoter yore a mighty pore judge of men," he said. "I'm warnin' you not to ride any further along that trail. Yore son can stay here, or we can tell the Hereford folk what you've tried to hand to them. Yore apt to look like a buzzard that's fallen into a tar barrel after they git through with you, Keith. I can find

and, briefly, into his eyes, hard as steel. He made one more attempt. "Let's talk common sense, Bourke. The Molly is capitalized for a quarter of a million dollars. The stock can be sold at par if it's done quietly. I can dispose of it for you. There is no certainty that the mine will not produce richly when we strike through the second level of porphyry. There are plenty of people willing to buy shares on that chance after the showing already made. People buy stock as a gamble."

"No sense in you talkin' any mo' that way, Keith. Maybe you sell paper to folks who gamble on it, an' on what you tell 'em about the chances, makin' yore story gold-colored



AW, WHAT'S THE USE

GET UP NOW, FELIX - YOU HAVE JUST TIME TO DRESS FOR CHURCH

AW-W-W-W - SUNDAY'S THE ONLY TIME I GET TO SLEEP

COME ON - I WANT YOU TO GO WITH ME

NOT THIS MORNING - I'M TOO TIRED AN' I WANT TO SLEEP - LET THOSE COVERS ALONE

54 - THAT'S EAST MAIN STREET

THAT'S A MILE FROM HERE

I THOT YOU WANTED TO SLEEP THIS MORNING

Fire!

MRS. GRAHAM IS HAPPY AS A BIRD

Louisiana Woman is Relieved of Troubles That Beset Her at an Early Age.

"Mothers of growing daughters should make it a duty to get acquainted with Stella Vitae, for it can save their girls a lot of suffering," said Mrs. L. Graham, of Oldfield (P. O. Hall), La.

"At the age of fourteen my periods became irregular and I suffered dreadfully. There were pains through my body and headaches made me miserable. I was so weak I'd have to go to bed and I was hardly up before that trouble would come on again."

"Stella Vitae was recommended to me and I began taking it. My improvement began at once and soon I was quite over my troubles and have never felt any such symptom since."

Stella Vitae may be obtained from an druggist and the purchase price will be refunded if it fails to bring relief.

GRENADA BANK OFFICIALS HOLD MEETING MONDAY

(Continued from page 1)

In his 20 years of experience who were not honest, yet he was not in favor of allowing even two-thirds of the membership of Congress to say a law should be a law in spite of the United States supreme court. He said he thought it a dangerous thing to tamper with the constitution.

He said he was opposed to the Towne-Stirling bill and gave his reasons why. He said that only two governments had ever sought to nationalize its educational system and cited Germany as one of them and pointed to what had grown out of that act of education. He said it would be a sad day for this country when anything like the Towne-Stirling bill became a law.

"Oh," Mr. Humphreys said, "they tell you that under the Towne-Stirling bill the federal government would have nothing to do with the management of the schools in the different states," but he insisted that before any money could be got from the federal government that the plan of running the schools of a state would have to be approved by the secretary of education it is proposed to create at Washington. He said that the federal government had no way to get money except out of the pockets of the people and what money might be "allotted" the schools of the state would first be collected in taxes and that it must be borne in mind that each state would be required to plank down an amount equal to what the federal government was putting up. His plea was that Mississippians might wake up to the insidious character of the proposed law and not allow themselves under the mistaken plea of getting better schools for the children of Mississippi to fasten on those who come after them a thing that would deindividualize them and that would destroy one of the very greatest pillars of this Republic. He deprecated in the extreme the tendency of the times of allowing the lure of the dollar to make people sacrifice the rights of the states and run to the government at Washington for nearly everything.

The most distinguished guest of the day was C. P. J. Mooney, the brilliant, patriotic and sage-like editor of the Commercial Appeal. In the Commercial Appeal of the following day appeared the following editorial written by Mr. Mooney:

A Bank With a Soul.

J. T. Thomas is the president of the Grenada (Miss.) Bank. The Grenada Bank has 13 branches and the group of men who control it own a few other banks. Mr. Thomas had a meeting of his branch bank officials and directors at the home of the parent bank yesterday. This is a

semiannual custom.

The business of the bank and its branches is in fine shape, indicative of a recovery in North Mississippi from the tough times two years ago.

Some of these banks are located in the hill lands of Mississippi. Others are located in the delta. The bank has branches at Eupora, Ackerman, Due from other Banks—com—and Louisville. The branches in these towns show that the people can do well when they are general farmers. The farms in these territories are not large. The white population is dominant in numbers. Most of the farmers do their own work.

In the hard times two years ago this part of Mississippi got along comparatively very well. They are doing well now. The country is filling with schools and good roads. The people are learning year by year to care for their soil. They trust the chickens, cows and pigs as well as cotton.

The Thomas system of banks, carefully studied, shows that the Mississippi of today is far ahead of the Mississippi of 15 years ago. In spite of politics and politicians, the people of Mississippi are going forward.

Mr. Thomas, the head of this system of banks, has done everything humanity possible in the way of co-operation with his fellow citizens. He has helped demonstration agents. He has financed pig clubs. He has helped the schools. And after all, these things are the business of far seeing and broad thinking men. We are in this world to help our neighbors. Those who are in a position of leadership fall if they give thought only to their own affairs.

By the way, a great speech was made yesterday at Grenada. It came out of the big head of Congressman Ben Humphreys. It was informal but behind every idea there was common sense. Ben Humphreys was telling his fellow citizens what he thought was good for them. It was based on his own observation as a congressman. He stood for the law of the land as it was written by the fathers. He stood for liberty both in thought and in conscience and he declared against a tendency among a part of the people to surrender all their rights to the national government and to make Washington the one center of all our governmental and social machinery.

There is a fine community in and around Grenada. There is a fine spirit of co-operation among the people of that county which other counties in Mississippi would do well to emulate.

CONNER FOLLOWS BILBO AT DENTVILLE

(Continued from page 1)

could show an unequivocal offer to enlist in any capacity from buck private up, and declared that Bilbo alone was making this an issue and that his weapon was a double barreled model of the one Samson used with much better effect. "Bilbo is a powerful warrior in times of peace and a mighty peaceful man in time of war," said Mr. Conner. Miss Birkhead, poor frail creature that she is, ran him into the loft of his barn at Poplarville. And tho he told the Mississippi soldiers as they left Jackson for service that if defeated for Congress he would meet them in Berlin, he has never started toward Berlin yet."

Mr. Conner declared again that "I was willing to go, I was able to go, I offered to go, and I would have gone but for the fact that President Wilson, Congress and the Adjutant General of my state said my post of duty was here. I take off my hat to the boys who fought in France. But I will never stand aside for a lip patriot like Theo. G. Bilbo, who says he could not make me fight. He now says he sent me word through another party that he wanted me to go and would give me a commission. If he says I ever received any such message from him he is an extraordinary piney woods liar."

"Bilbo knows Conner will fight."

the speaker said. "He found it out when he tried to cover up that awful situation at the insane hospital and insisted on re-appointing the same superintendent though it was shown that patients had worn the same garments for months, that some had been frightfully scalded with water and though gross immortality was seen to exist. We made him climb down. The Superintendent was not re-appointed and Bilbo has hated me ever since."

"Finally why all this sudden outburst of patriotism from Bilbo when four years ago he worked for Lee Russell against an ex-soldier with a splendid record. Bilbo knows I am the only candidate in the race who can show an unconditional offer to go. One of my brothers was married and exempt like Bilbo and the other has his honorable discharge after a year's service."

Mr. Conner made many friends by his spirited attack and at every step was stopped by people who sought to grasp his hand and pledge their support and tell him good news of additional gains of strength in their respective communities.

BAD BACK TODAY?

Backache is usually kidney-ache and makes you dull, nervous and tired. Use Doan's Kidney Pills for weak kidneys—the remedy recommended by your friends and neighbors. Ask your neighbor!

Mrs. Mary Tribble, 207 Green St., Grenada, says: "I know Doan's Kidney Pills are good medicine as they have been used in our home with beneficial results. I always use them for a disordered condition of my kidneys. My kidneys were weak and caused a lot of annoyance. I had occasional attacks of backache, too. After I began using Doan's Kidney Pills relief followed. I gladly recommend Doan's."

The above statement was given June 14, 1918, and on April 12, 1922. Mrs. Tribble added: "It was surprising to find how soon Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of kidney trouble several years ago. Since then I have only used them occasionally to flush my kidneys. They have kept my kidneys healthy. I cannot praise Doan's too highly."

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. Adv.

MRS. J. C. DeLOACH INTERRED IN GRENADA

Mrs. J. C. DeLoach died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. T. Johnson in Greenwood, on Tuesday morning of this week in the 76th year of her age. Her remains were brought to Grenada on Wednesday morning and laid to rest in Odd Fellows' cemetery beside those of her husband who preceded her to the other world something like twenty years ago, at which time the family was residing in Grenada. A number of friends came over from Greenwood, and many old friends met the remains at the depot and followed

By L. F. Van Zelm
© Western Newspaper Union



Big Dance at Foncie DuBoise's Home

One mile from Rosebloom on Grenada and Charleston Road

Friday, July 27, 6 P. M.

Good music, plenty of refreshments. Grenada and Tallahatchie County candidates have been invited and several speeches will be made. Everybody invited. Come rain or shine

If it's worth printing at all
It's worth printing well

Small orders receive the same careful attention that we give the larger ones

If we do your printing, you'll know it's done right

The Grenada Sentinel
Established 1857

Magnificent Flour

ALWAYS CURES

The effects of poisonous germs in the blood is understood today as never before. Many persons do not realize that the Blood is the Life. They do not know that a poisonous germ can get in the blood in one part of the body without immediately affecting every other part or organ.

Almost every case of Rheumatism, Indigestion and Kidney trouble is a sympathetic strike by the brain, nerves or stomach, brought on by impurities or impoverishment of the blood.

Leonard's Blood Elixir is the one remedy which cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Blood Poison, Tumors, Ulcers and diseases of the blood. It drives out of the system all poisonous germs and impurities. It gives energy, vigor and health to the sick.

Sold by 2d Class Drug Store.

Queen Rose Flour

Free Picture Show Tickets

Find your name in The Sentinel this week

You may receive a ticket good for admission to "My American Wife" starring Gloria Swanson, which will be shown at Grenada Opera House, Thursday and Friday, July 19, 20

The real reason for buying Columbias

—they last longer

The largest laboratory, devoted to dry cell research, experiments continuously to make them "last longer." Columbia Hot Shot or Columbia Ignitors are "right" for your needs. That's why people have the habit of asking for Columbias.

Columbia Dry Batteries for all purposes are sold by hardware and general stores, electrical and auto supply shops, garages and implement dealers.

Columbia Dry Batteries

—they last longer



Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts on Ignitors at no extra charge

THE GRENADA SENTINEL

O. F. LAWRENCE, EDITOR
G. M. LAWRENCE, PUBLISHER
GRENADA, MISSISSIPPI

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 Per Year in Advance
Six Months \$1.00

Entered at the Post Office at Grenada, Miss., as second class mail matter.
THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF GRENADA COUNTY

ADVERTISING RATES—Classified Advertisements, Cards of Thanks, Obituaries, In Memoriams, and other reading notices 2 1/2c per word for each insertion, payable cash in advance.
Display advertising rates furnished on application.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Sentinel is authorized to make the following announcements subject to the Democratic primaries in August:

For Lieutenant Governor Dennis Murphree of Pittsboro	For Circuit Clerk J. W. Wood V. R. James (reelection)
For State Revenue Agent Stokes V. Robertson (for re-election)	For Tax Assessor David A. Williams Grace Carter (for re-election) Lawrence N. Yeager
State Superintendent of Education W. F. Bond (for re-election)	For Supervisor, District 1 Kemp Mattingly (reelection)
State Commissioner of Agriculture P. P. Garner (for re-election)	For Supervisor, District 2 J. H. James (for re-election) J. E. Shaw O. H. Perry
For Railroad Commissioner, Northern District T. T. O'Bryant of Panola County	For Supervisor, District 3 W. V. Horton Eugene Davis
For District Attorney David E. Crawley (for re-election) Clarence E. Morgan of Attalla Co.	For Supervisor, District 4 Ira G. Rounsaville (for re-election) E. L. Boteler Jessie C. Whitten
For State Senator W. A. Winter	For Supervisor, District 5 J. T. Hagden J. L. Tabb G. P. Cunningham (for re-election) W. K. Gray
For Representative B. S. Elliott C. C. White	For Magistrate, District 1 J. A. Gibson
For Floater Representative D. H. Aldridge (of Montgomery Co.)	For Constable, District 1 Jack Smith R. M. (Bob) Wood
For Sheriff Dave Dogan	For Constable, District 3, J. M. Franklin
For County Superintendent of Public Education LaFayette Atkinson	For Magistrate, District 5 B. L. Harris, Sr. (for re-election)
M. McKibben (for re-election)	For Magistrate, District 3 S. W. Simpson
For Chancery Clerk Glen D. Thomson	
James B. Keeton (for re-election)	
For Floater Representative T. N. Gore	

AUNT HENRY

Regardless of whatever qualifications the friends of Mike Conner may think Aunt Henry Whitfield lacks for a governor, she is morally clean. She is honest and should she, by any possibility be in the second primary and Mike not, his friends would rally to her because she would be a thousand times more preferable than any man Lee Russell might try to name as his successor, or the man who wrote shame across the name of Mississippi for four weary years. Yes, among the first and foremost things Mike's friends are standing for is cleanliness and purity in politics and in the conduct of the State's affairs, a thing impossible under the perpetuation of the Russell regime, or of another four years of Bilbo-Butler and many other shameful and scandalous things.

In like manner, Conner's friends, in the event he is in the second primary, and Aunt Mary is not, expect her friends to march up to the lick log and help Conner. Conner's friends are true blue. They want to wash the political slate of the State clean and are brave enough and courageous enough to say so.

THAT SPECIAL COMMERCIAL APPEAL CORRESPONDENT

If that special Commercial Appeal correspondent from another state, who is now in Jackson giving his judgment on the race for Governor, is as far wrong on everything else he is saying as in the statement that "Whitfield is the candidate of the amis" then the young rooster knows mighty little about what he is talking. If Mike Conner has not more of the real fighters against Bilbo, Russell and that gang for him than for Aunt Henry, then we are ready to take back everything we have ever said about the nefariousness of Lee Russell.

Who are the Russellites fighting? Mike Conner. Who is talking straight out from the shoulder about that gang? Mike Conner. Aunt Henry has pussy footed from the jump.

RUSSELL COAT TAIL RIDING

Mississippians have experienced the humiliating spectacle for a number of years of certain men trying to ride the coat tail of some high-up, but this year the still further disgraceful scene is being enacted of the Governor of the State riding the coat tails of other men. Lee is clinging as best he can to the coat tail of Stokes Robertson and Lester Franklin, both of whom, we hazard the statement, would prefer that Lee was nowhere about and who realize that Lee is a millstone around the neck of any cause he champions. It is indeed unfortunate for one to be a political corpse and not realize his offensiveness.

BILBO FIGHTING CONNER.

Bilbo is fighting Conner with all the viciousness of a tiger. Bilbo prates about his war fervor and misrepresents the facts about Conner's getting into the war. Bilbo has been guilty of so many moral and political sins that it would seem useless to remind the people of them, but for Bilbo to make comment on anybody's not going to war after what he is known to have done towards keeping many of his pets out of the war is a travesty on truth and patriotism.

LAUREL EDITOR'S WIFE DIES

We tender our sincere sympathy to our good friend, Edgar G. Harris, editor Laurel Leader, on the death of his wife which occurred a few days ago. We had the privilege of knowing Mrs. Harris. She was a most estimable woman and in every sense of the word, a true helpmeet. She had a lovely disposition and was a sincere, good woman.

John Howard Payne, though an American, was in England when he wrote that immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home." It was first sung at Covent Garden, London, May 8, 1923, in an opera for which Payne had written a part of the libretto. Payne was the son of a Yankee school teacher; his mother was a Jew.

It is said that Gov. Russell expects to make his permanent home on the coast. The State Board of Health has been derelict, otherwise some sanitary regulation would have been adopted to protect the coast from such a misfortune.

The Franklin campaign committee evidently silenced Lee Russell. Lee has written no more letters attacking Conner lately.

TWO PICTURES

The following from the pen of Rev. G. S. Harmon, a prominent Methodist minister of South Mississippi, appeared in the Hattiesburg American a few days ago, under the caption, "TWO PICTURES." What this minister states is between Conner and Prof. Whitfield is what is in the minds of thousands of people in Mississippi who believe in a bold, aggressive leadership. Hon. Marion Reily was present at Philadelphia some weeks ago when Franklin was speaking and when Mr. Whitfield appeared in the audience, and was given an opportunity to reply to Franklin, he said "it was time for the horn to blow" and that he did not care to make a speech. Reily is credited with having said that Whitfield "sat there like a dinged billy goat that needed a purgative".

Stop! Think a Minute! Picture Mike Conner in the second primary with either Bilbo or Franklin. See him waging the same aggressive campaign he is waging today. See Russell warning Franklin "never to stick his head in a lion's mouth again." Picture the other candidate joking his way from the jail-house to oblivion, as Sennett Conner, with the host of high-toned, decent men and women of Mississippi, makes these political pirates "walk the plank" and wins a sweeping victory for law and order, morality and decency.

When attacked by Professor Whitfield for "unsheathing his sword against political corpses," Mr. Conner replied: "Yes, Lee Russell is dead, and dead because courageous Mississippians DID unsheathe their swords against him and his kind. I unsheathed my sword in 1916 against political corruption in Mississippi. I have it unsheathed today. I intend to keep it flashing until the money-changers are driven from the capitol and that splendid building rededicated to the service of the people."

Stop! Think Again! Picture Professor Whitfield in the run-off with either Bilbo or Franklin. See shrewd debaters, and double-tongued politicians manhandling a nice, good man who has proved unable to make an aggressive campaign, and who would be like a fish out of water in a joint debate. How can one expect aggressive leadership out of one who has wiggled and wobbled, gone down the big middle of the road hand-shaking his way and saying nothing specific?

"God give us men!" A time like the second primary demands "a tall man, sun-crowned, who stands above the fog in public duty and in private thinking"—a man who can take his coat off and roll up his sleeves and clean out this gang who have debauched Mississippi and besmirched her fair name. Mississippi faces a crisis. Once again has come "the moment to decide."

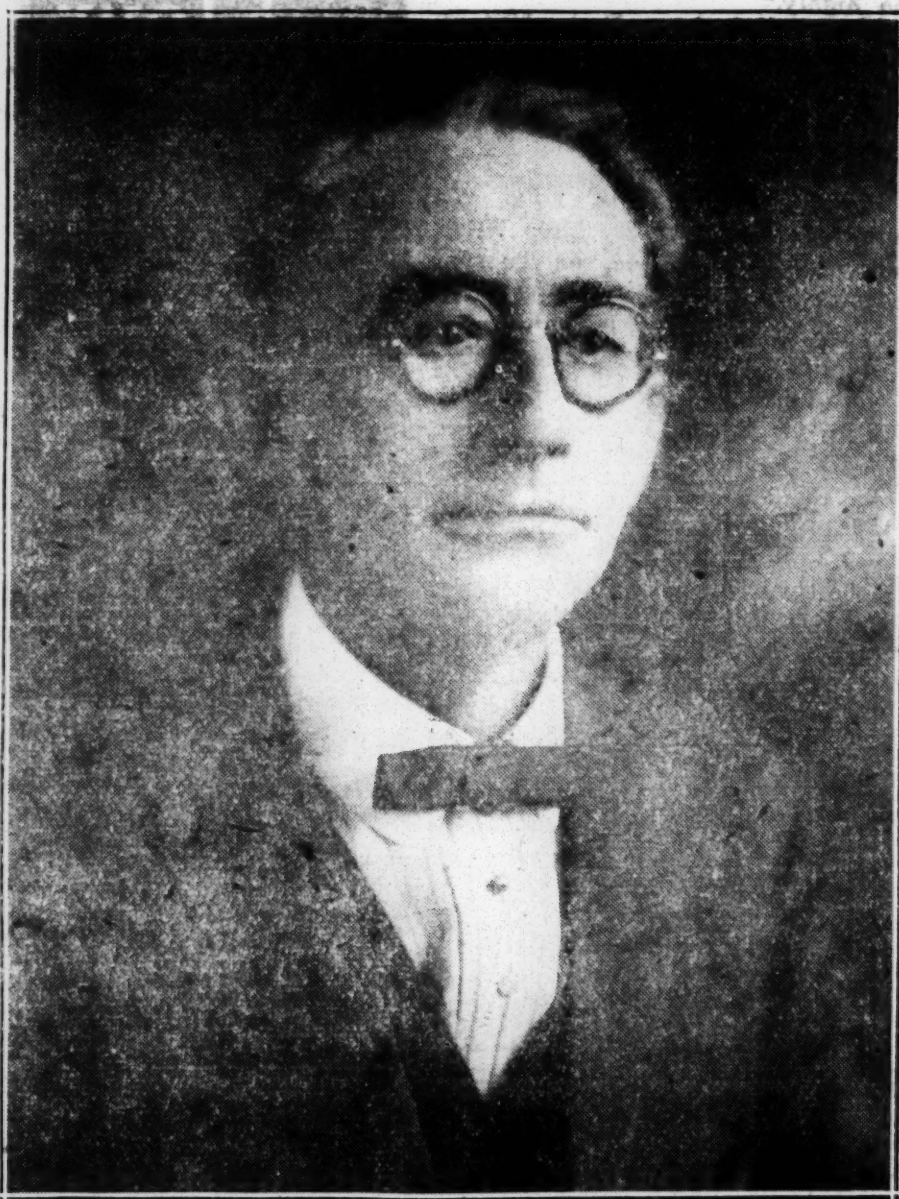
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side."

Sennett Conner is the man to lead us out of the wilderness. He has led this fight from the start. It was Conner and Conner alone who answered Russell's scurrilous attack on the rival candidates and took up his gauge of battle. It was Conner who, in a chance debate at Raleigh, sent "Crown Prince Lester" from the platform sick, sore and disabled."

It was Conner and Conner alone of all the candidates whom Bilbo and Franklin have seriously attacked. Why? Because Bilbo and Franklin fear Conner in the second primary and are trying to confuse the people and persuade them to send in against either Bilbo or Franklin a milk-and-water, middle-of-the-roadster, who cries he is misquoted whenever pinned down to anything specific. Bilbo and Franklin know that with Conner in the run-off their crowd is doomed. They are therefore, seeking to help Whitfield or Bell eliminate him. But the people have had too many of their tricks already. The fact that Bilbo and Franklin have attacked Conner is not only an endorsement for him and a point in his favor, but it is the convincing reason why the thinking voters of Mississippi are going to send Conner into the run-off as their standard-bearer and, under his leadership, win a sweeping victory.

Advertisers who "can't afford" to spend money for newspaper advertising will never miss an opportunity to fall for some out-of-town fellow's proposition to sell them space on some advertising scheme that is invented to get their money. Old Barnum was right.—Canton Herald.

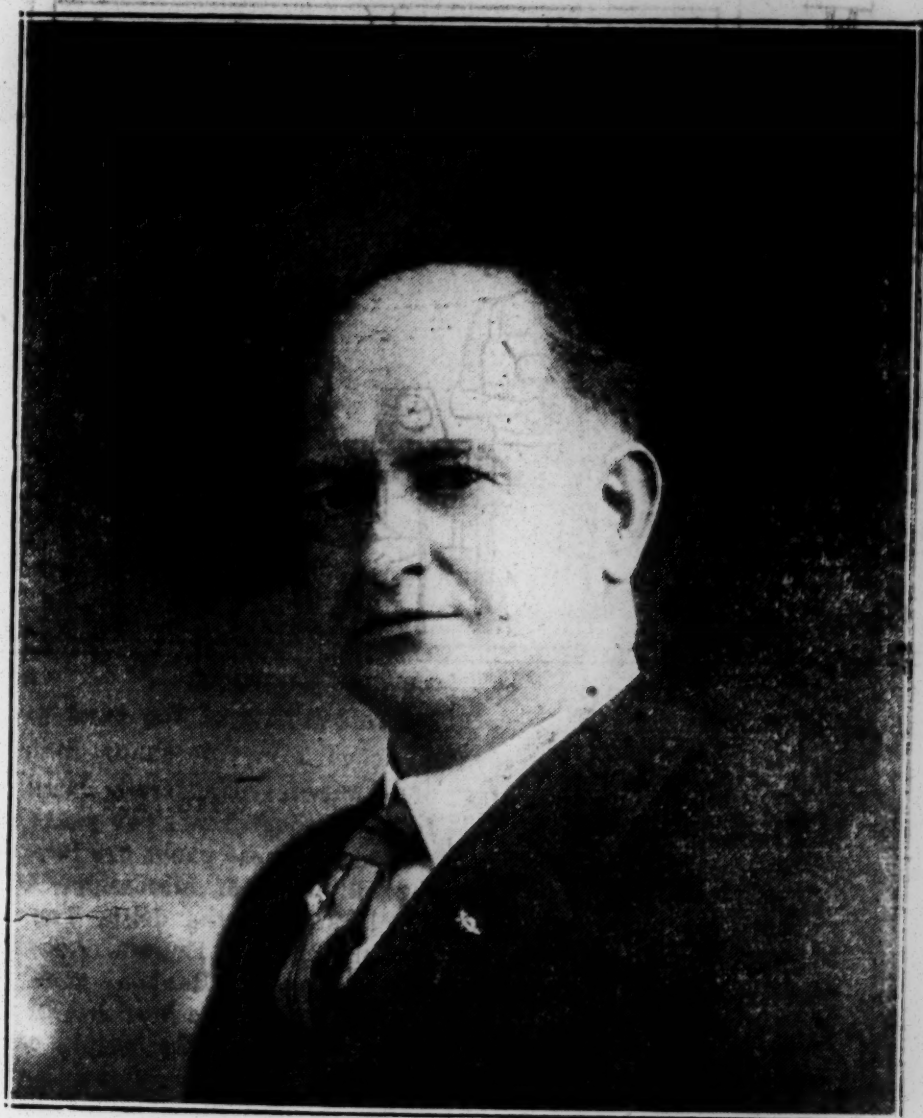
Conner is the man who can defeat Bilbo in the second primary.



T. T. O'Bryant of Batesville, Panola County, candidate for Rail Road Commissioner of this, the northern district. He has served Panola County as sheriff, as chancery clerk and as a member of the board of supervisors and if elected, promises to make the best official of which he is capable.

QUEEN-ROSE-FLOUR

READ ALL THE ADS



Rush Knex of Houston, Chickasaw County, candidate for the office of Attorney General of Mississippi. Has been district attorney of his district for a number of years. He is an able lawyer, an upright citizen and an honest man, and if elected to the office to which he aspires, may be counted on at all times to be true to his trust and to make an able, fearless and satisfactory official. If you vote for him, you will make no mistake.

Knox met one of his opponents in joint debate at Starkville some weeks ago and ate him up and spat him out and then, figuratively speaking, the crowd dragged Potter out to the junk heap.

On Tuesday his other opponent, Luther Burch, of "powdered barrister" fame, the man who paid court to Lee Russell until Russell appointed Potter to succeed Frank Roberson as Attorney General, got up at Dentville and lit into Knox without knowing that Knox was in the audience. Knox asked for a chance to answer him and when he did Burch was consorting with Bilbo, denying that he had run a bucket shop—a thing which Knox proved by a signed statement from a number of the leading citizens of Newton—and finally pleading the baby act by saying that Knox "slipped up on me when I did not have all my ammunition." Vote for Knox.

You Can Set the Woods on Fire

WITH ONE MATCH

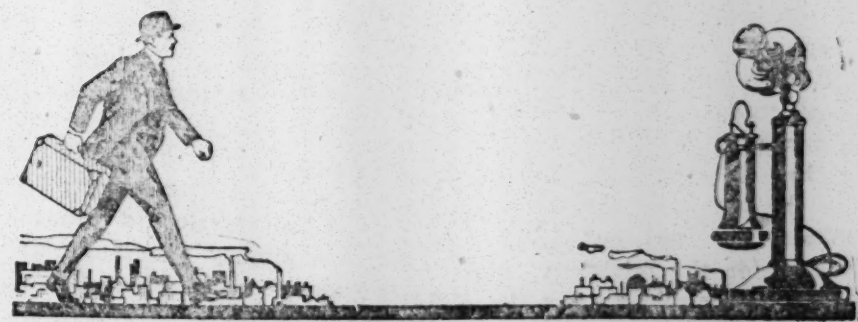
But you can't expect one advertisement to produce enormous results.

Your advertisement, appearing regularly in

The Grenada Sentinel

will bring you the business and the results will surprise and please you.

MAGNIFICENT FLOUR



"Talk Trips" Save Money

"Talk trips" by long distance telephone offer you the most up-to-date way to attend to your business and social affairs in nearby or distant cities.

The telephone carries you there and back quickly, saving the delays and disappointments that often arise when you travel in person.

Use station to station service and save from 20 to 75 per cent on your toll charges

Your telephone directory contains complete information about this quick, economical service. Read it.

Ask Long Distance for rates.

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY

(Incorporated)



ALLISON'S WELLS AS HEALTH RESORT

One of the Oldest and Best Established in State. Best and Most Courteous Management. Table Fare the Best. Way Post Office.

The Sentinel has a number of times called attention to the great excellence of Allison's Wells as a health resort. There is no question that the water has no superior as a cure for malaria—and a large percent of the illness common to this section has its origin in malaria—and stomach troubles and the water is also for the kidneys and bladder.

It is one of the oldest and best established resorts in Mississippi. Allison's Well water is sold all over the South. Great quantities are shipped out every day.

The wells and hotel are the property of D. C. Latimer & Co. Miss. Latimer, upon the death of her very excellent and popular husband just a few years ago, took over the management of the property and it has prospered wonderfully in her hands. The hotel has been enlarged and improved until now it is equal to almost any city hotel. There is everything there for comfort and that will contribute to curing the sick. The table fare is superb, and this is no idle statement. One can hardly see how so much can be provided for the guests at the rates charged as is done at Allison's Wells. And best of all, each and every member of the Latimer family seems to make it a point to make the guests feel that they are at home. They are so thoughtful and obliging. Miss Thelma Latimer is really the business manager and well does she meet the responsibilities of her position. But with it all, she is still the modest, gracious and lovely young woman.

There is a large dance hall and good music for those who want to trip the light fantastic toe. Besides the dance, there are other sources of amusement, hence no one need fear that he will not be entertained.

If one wants to get out and commune with nature, he has the shaded forest where the giant oak spreads its mighty boughs in seeming adoration of the great Builder of the Universe.

Many improvements have been added to the hotel within the past year. More bath rooms have been added and there are many additional facilities which will please the visitor and serve to add to his comfort and ease.

Write to D. C. Latimer & Co., at Way post office for additional information. The Sentinel unreservedly commends Allison's Wells for those hunting a quick place to get well and as the place where they can spend a few days most pleasantly even if you are not much sick.

IN MEMORIAM

Jim Ed, you have gone where Jesus is.
Darling, I know you're in Heaven;
But we all know how sad 'tis
That we are now but seven.
You were the sunshine of our lives,
You were the heart of our hearts,
We know how rocky our pathway lies
Where you can have no part.
But, dear, you have in our hearts a place.
We cherish the memory of you.
A vision comes of your sweet face
Always smiling through
Though our hearts are sad that you
Left us, Jim Ed.
We know that God knows best,
And that in him, He has said,
You find a constant rest.
So, precious, though it's hard without you.
We are comforted that you're in Heaven.
Where we all are coming too
Coming to join you, we seven.
And there united our family will be
With you that have gone before,
Then we know we shall see
Jesus by the open door.
So we will not weep that you've gone,
Gone and left us alone,
For you are happy and we will be,
When Jesus' smiling face we see,
And we go together through eternity.

MABEL THOMPSON,
July 11, 1923.

Get into The Sentinel's SUBSCRIPTION CRUSADE. We give tickets with every dollar in Gold Contest besides other things.

A DOCTOR'S OPINION

Dr. George Pile of Panama writes that LEONARDI'S CHILL REMEDY AND IRON TONIC is an excellent remedy for chills and fever.

LEONARDI'S CHILL REMEDY AND IRON TONIC stops chills and fevers at once. It does more. It builds up and purifies the blood. It is a tonic that means new health and strength.

LEONARDI'S CHILL REMEDY AND IRON TONIC is guaranteed to cure. It is sold on a money back proposition. Demand LEONARDI'S from your drugist.

Sold by 2d Class Drug Store.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION WILL ASK HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS TO WRITE COUNTY HISTORY.

With the passing into the Great Beyond every year of some of our oldest citizens we lose a good deal of valuable information that should be preserved for the benefit of our children and our children's children. In every county there are old men and women, splendid citizens who have been a real part of the history of our state, whose minds are veritable storehouses of desirable information. They know first hand many things of importance not written in books. They know how the people used to live, how they dressed, built schools, churches, homes, and so forth. They know about the original families in their respective counties. They know about the old mill sites, swimming holes, and other things of more or less importance.

In order to save this information that will become more valuable as the years come and go, beginning with this fall the pupils of the high schools of the various counties are going to be requested to write a history of their respective counties, with special reference to the things suggested in this letter.

Prizes will be offered for the best showing made.

EX-SERVICE MEN AND STUDENTS STRONG FOR CONNER

The young men whose names are signed to this statement represent practically every section of the state. We have been students in attendance on the same school for months.

We are now leaving for our homes to assume the solemn duties of citizenship. We desire to give to the state our best young manhood in turn for the opportunities she has given us.

We love Mississippi. We owe her our best service, and to this end we have dedicated our influences, our nobler impulses, our lives.

As we go to our homes at this time, the question is: "What shall we do? What is our opportunity? Are there problems now confronting the people of Mississippi that we can help solve? Is Mississippi now engaged in a task where our services are needed?"

As we ask ourselves these questions, and as we think of how our noble women and patriotic men have had to hang their heads in shame because of the nauseating publicity given our state within the last few years, and as we realize that there is now an organized effort to offend the decent womanhood and manhood of this state by elevating to the governor's office a man who represents the type of character and the brand of politics that have brought shame and disgrace upon our state, we answer back: "Yes, Mississippi, God knows you need redemption! You are torn; you are weak; you are bleeding and the star of your hope has about gone down. Only an outraged mind, an aroused conscience, and a determination to purge yourself of the political filth and machine cancer that has been sapping your moral life and gnawing at your vitals can restore your respect, pride and former standing."

The task of elevating our politics, raising the moral standard of our leaders, and giving Mississippi the house-cleaning she needs is not the task of the few. We cannot scrub,

clean, and disinfect the old state alone, or it would have been done ere this. Therefore, we earnestly appeal, strongly urge, and sincerely pray that the men and women of this state who are sick, tired, and disgusted with the low order of things, will join us in the high resolve to select a man as our next governor who has got brains, character and ability. Let's start now the slogan: "Down with the demagogue! Down with the political faker! Give us a man we know to be clean, tried and true, as Governor of Mississippi."

We have been looking for this man. We have found him and we are now enlisted under his banner. Some of us have had to lay aside former personal prejudices and political alliances, but duty calls, and we are willing to sacrifice clan, clique or faction in order to rally to the support of the man whose private life, official record, and dauntless moral courage have brought him to the fore as the challenger of weakness and corruption in the public affairs of this state. The campaign now on for governor has proven beyond doubt that the man of the personality, moral fibre, breadth of vision, and administrative ability to assume this leadership is Sennett Conner.

Sennett Conner is not only the clean man we now need, but he knows the needs and conditions of this state, and is distinct and specific in offering his remedies. He is not straddling. He is not pussy-footing, but he is dealing with the issues in this campaign in a plain, straightforward, business-like way, and we sincerely believe that the election of Sennett Conner as governor of this state will give us, not only the decency and cleanliness for which we have been longing, but the agricultural and industrial development we must realize to have more employment, better markets, and lower taxation.

Let us urge the men and women of this state not to be stampeded into the camp of doubtful and questionable, self-serving politicians, but let us appeal to you to let your vote be an expression of your moral conscience, and inner-being instead of a mere cross on a slip of paper opposite somebody's name.

Be a real man, a real woman, or nothing. We need living patriots and must have them if we survive as a self-respecting people.

"God give us men. The time demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor; men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue

And damn his treacherous flat-trees without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty and private thinking."

Go and be such.

(Signed)—L. E. Gafford, Union county; R. E. Hays, Lauderdale county; S. W. Downs, Prentiss county; I. L. Ashburn, Union county; W. D. French, Lafayette county; A. F. Foyitt, Prentiss county; J. J. Darby, Harrison county; L. L.

Downs, Prentiss county; M. P. Hobby, Neshoba county; O. N. Darby, Harrison county; C. C. Barefoot, Lamar county; L. W. Wyatt, George county; J. W. Lewis, Neshoba county; A. J. Cranford, Covington county; R. F. Rivers, Neshoba county; R. H. Tucker, Jones county; H. Flurry, Jackson county; A. L. Rivers, Neshoba county; Doyle Coats, Jones county; M. H. Eubanks, George county; A. S. Minton, Lincoln county; S. T. Haddon, Lee county; Frank Eubanks, George county; H. K. Craft, Forrest county; J. A. Echhoff, George county; J. B. Henley, Wilkinson county; Nick Johnson, Scott county; S. O. Her-

ington, Jasper county; M. M. Chaney, Warren county; C. R. Johnson, Scott county; L. S. Montgomery, Lincoln county; W. H. Wood, Union county; W. D. Johnson, Scott county; T. D. Sumrall, Jones county; Claud Williams, Leake county; C. L. Rzyby, Scott county; J. J. Williams, Clarke county; M. Taylor, Claiborne county; J. B. George, Lee county; Edgar Waits, Jasper county; J. W. Mitchell, Monroe county; W. M. Breland, Jackson county; Ottis Waits, Jasper county; S. A. West, Monroe county; W. O. Stewart, Tippah county; J. P. Spell, Covington county; L. Draughn, Perry county;

M. Shirley, Clarke county; J. B. Mattox, Prentiss county; H. T. Bryant, Calhoun county; A. L. Porter, Chickasaw county; J. Neel, Green county; T. J. Wall, Covington county; E. O. Berry, Simpson county; Otis Carot, Clarke county; H. V. Lott, Covington county; E. R. Cooley, Green county; W. M. Granberry, Jones county; R. W. Carpet, Covington county; J. P. Russell, Simpson county; J. B. Wheeler, Itawamba county; H. K. Craft, Forrest county.

In addition to our other banking facilities we wish to announce

that we have opened a

Savings Department

which we believe will fill a long-felt need in the community.

You are now able to not only protect your savings but you will

get paid for doing so because we will pay

3% Interest on Savings Accounts

Money that's idle is money wasted. Put your savings to work

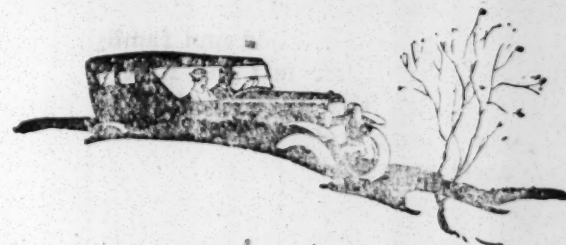
and watch the principal and interest grow.

One Dollar Starts an Account

Grenada Bank

Resources Over Seven Million Dollars

Grenada, Mississippi



Millions of Miles

Hundreds of thousands of owners have driven millions of miles in Overlands equipped with the present type rear axle. Not a single one of them has reported a broken rear axle. Service records as well as comparative tests and measurements have convinced us that the Overland has the strongest rear axle under any car sold today at or near the Overland price.

Overland
Touring \$525 f.o.b. Toledo

GRENADA AUTO COMPANY, INC.

J. H. NEELY, Pres.

Phone 57

Grenada, Miss. "On the Square"



We keep our soda fountain and everything around it CLEAN.

We use only the purest syrups in our drinks and rich cream in making our ice cream.

One visit to our cooling fountain means that you will come to us many times and send your friends to our drug store.

When you need anything in the drug store line—

COME TO US FOR IT.

WHIT-DYRE DRUG CO.

(Formerly FATHERREE DRUG COMPANY)

Local, Social and Personal

ADVERTISING RATES—Classified
Advertisements, Cards of Thanks,
Obituaries, In Memoriams, and
other reading notices 2½¢ per word
for each insertion, payable cash in
advance.

Thornton Hill, whose home is in
Covington, Tenn., is in Grenada
visiting his brother, Dr. F. S. Hill,
and family on Line Street.

Little Misses Margarita and Vi-
olet Nelson and Master Quinn Nelson,
Jr., left last Sunday to spend some
time in Hathorn visiting their grand-
parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nelson.
They were accompanied as far as
Jackson by their father.

Misses Nannie Lee Caldwell and
Mary Moore Mitchell and Master
Billy Mitchell are spending this week
in Memphis with their cousin, Moore
Moore, III.

Miss Anibel McAlister left last
Sunday for McCool where she is
spending her vacation with relatives
and friends.

Mrs. H. O. Thompson and little
daughter returned home Wednesday
afternoon from a visit with friends
in Biloxi and Gulfport.

Miss Mary Pauline Gourd of
Brookhaven is the guest of relatives
in Grenada. Miss Gourd has often
visited here and has many friends
who take great pleasure in welcom-
ing her.

Mrs. Mary Leigh is enjoying a
short stay with relatives in Memphis.
She left Thursday morning.

Upon his return home Wednesday
from Columbus where he had been
on a short visit with his sister, Mrs.
J. B. Vandergrist, E. R. Prouditt
was accompanied by his two little
nieces, Misses Elizabeth and Mildred
Vandergrist, who are guests in his
home.

Miss Eunice Jones left last Satur-
day to spend a few days in Coffee-
ville visiting Miss Ruth Herron.

Mr. and Mrs. Cas Heath, accom-
panied by their son, Cas Edgar, left
Sunday in their car to visit their son
and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. G.
Stuckey, at Lepanto, Ark.

William Parker, who holds a posi-
tion in Shreveport, La., is spending
his vacation with relatives in the
Graysport community.

Mrs. W. C. Campbell was a visit-
or one day the first of the week in
Memphis.

Mrs. C. S. Burt is visiting her
cousin, Mrs. W. H. Warden, in Ft.
Smith, Ark. She left last Saturday
and expects to return home the lat-
ter part of this week.

Mrs. J. R. Parker and daughters
of Crystal Springs and Mrs. J. T.
Evans of Corinth are the guests in
the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Prose
on College Street.

Miss Mary Thomas left Monday
afternoon for Dallas, Texas, where
she will spend her vacation visiting
relatives.

Rev. and Mrs. Melville Johnson,
after spending a week with their
parents in Batesville, have left for
Lake Junaluska, N. C. where they
expect to stay three weeks or longer.
During Mr. Johnson's absence, there
will be no preaching services at the
Methodist Church.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Sharp and
family left Sunday in their car for
Oxford where they spent several
days with relatives.

Miss Elizabeth Cassidy returned
Tuesday to her home in Greenwood
after a visit of several days in Gre-
nada the guest of Misses Helene and
Pauline Wright.

Mrs. A. D. McGaughey, of Dallas,
Texas, who is visiting her sister, Mrs.
J. H. Oliver, on South Street, spent
last week in New Orleans, La.

If Mrs. Betty Cole will call at the
opera house before July 18th, she
will be given a ticket to "My Ameri-
can Wife," with Gloria Swanson and
all-star cast, which will be shown
Thursday and Friday, July 19-20.

Mrs. Lizzie Horn left the first of
the week to spend perhaps a month
in Lake Junaluska, N. C.

CLASSIFIED ADS

2½¢ per word for each in-
sertion, payable strictly in advance.
No advertisement accepted for less
than 50¢.

We are paying 35 cents for first
grade cream. Can and check re-
turned same day received. The Wil-
low Springs Creamery, 804 S. Main,
Memphis, Tenn.

666 quickly relieves Constipation,
Biliousness, Headaches, Colds and
Lagrippe.

To Rent—Unfurnished rooms for
light housekeeping. Phone 87 7-6-21

If you have lost anything on the
road between Coffeeville and Bry-
ant, notify Bank of Ripley, Ripley,
Miss.

60 bu. good ear corn for sale.
Phone 253.. 7-6-21

You want competency. Vote for
H. D. (Hideo) Cudabac for State
Treasurer. Clean, trained, capable.

For Sale—Good used baby buggy
cheap. Mrs. E. V. Johnson, 847 3rd
Street.

Wanted to Rent—House or rooms
close in. Want on or before Sept. 1.
See Hurd Horton at Threefoot Cot-
ton office. 7-13-21

Apartment for rent, also separate
rooms. Piano and buggy for sale.
Phone 74. 7-6-21

666 cures Malaria, Chills and Fever,
Dengue or Bilious Fever. It destroys
the germs.

TRAVELING MAN HAS TO SACRIFICE FURNITURE

3 rugs, 1 mahogany dresser, 1
ladies' oak dressing table, dining
room table and chairs, 1 bed spring
new and mattress, 1 four-burner oil
stove, 2 rocking chairs, \$185.00.
See Mrs. R. C. Kerr, 608 Mound St.
7-6-21

Wanted for Stave Bolt Job—
Loaders, swappers, drivers and bolt
cutters. Wages \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00
per day and board. Good, new, clean
camp. J. D. Hollingshead Company,
Crowder, Miss. 7-13-21

New crop turnip seed, 9 varieties,
50¢ per pound. 2d Class Drug Store.
7-13-21

J. W. Bradford and family of Ita
Bena were the guests Sunday of Dr.
and Mrs. R. A. Clanton and family
in their new home on Margin Street.

His friends will be glad to know
that E. L. McDaniel who had been
in Memphis for some weeks under-
going treatment, was able to return
home last Sunday.

If Mrs. H. H. Heath will call at the
opera house before July 18th, she
will be given a ticket to "My Ameri-
can Wife," with Gloria Swanson and
all-star cast, which will be shown
Thursday and Friday, July 19-20.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Miller and two
attractive daughters, Misses Louise
and Mary, arrived in Grenada a
few days ago to be the guests of Mr.
and Mrs. W. R. Todd and family. Mr.
and Mrs. Miller left the first of the
week for the Mississippi coast and
the young ladies remained here. On
their way home, Mrs. Miller expects
to stop over for a visit with Mrs.
Todd.

Mrs. Lamar Ross has been de-
lighting the home of her brother and
sister, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Ross, and
a number of her friends with her
presence. Mrs. Ross is now making
her home in New York City. She has
a host of friends in Grenada who are
always interested in her and who al-
ways welcome her "back home" with
more than ordinary pleasure.

NEW PERFECTION

Oil Stoves and Ranges

Now that hot weather has arrived
discard your wood or coal stove for the
summer and install a

NEW PERFECTION OIL STOVE.

Their speed intensity and wide range
of clean cooking heat are unsurpassed by
that of any other stove.

Come in for Demonstration

REVELL FURNITURE CO.

Phone 51 "We sell for less" Main St.

Misses Virginia and Claire Miller
of West Point arrived in Grenada
last Saturday to spend a few days
here with their aunt, Mrs. J. W.
Wood on College Street.

Mrs. Jay Gore left last week to
spend some time in Chicago as the
guest of her husband's sister, Mrs.
Arthur McCalmont.

Misses Margaret and Mary Ready
Spence left a few days ago to visit
in the home of their uncle, Dr. J. T.
Spence, in Greenwood.

Donald S. Wright was here from
Greenwood last Sunday to spend the
day with his mother, Mrs. Genie
Wright.

Edward Anderson is spending this
week in Grenada with his mother,
Mrs. Selma Y. Anderson, on Line
Street. He is employed in Greenwood
by the Staple Cotton Association.

T. B. Revell, Sr., of Paris, Texas,
was in Grenada from Saturday
through Monday to visit his son, T.
B. Revell, Jr. Mr. Revell is vice-
president of one of the large furni-
ture manufacturing concerns in the
south and had been on a business
trip to Grand Rapids, Mich., and
other northern points. He regretted
that he was unable to prolong his
visit here but, having been away
from home for several weeks, his
business demanded his return.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellett Lawrence and
Edgar Lawrence came over from
Greenwood to spend last Sunday
with their father, O. F. Lawrence,
and family.

Miss Margaret Moody spent sev-
eral days last week in Memphis with
her sister, Mrs. J. J. Williams, Jr.
Her little niece, Peggy Williams, ac-
companied her on her return home
for a visit.

Saturday, July 14, you can buy sugar
at Weyneth's at 10 cents per pound.

Miss Elizabeth Wallace, W. J.
Sherwood, and J. A. Denton spent
a short while the latter part of last
week in Memphis.

Mrs. Jas. Cuff, S. S. Cuff and
Misses Margaret Cuff and Bettie
White Middleton left Wednesday at
noon to spend a few days at Allison's
Wells, Way, Miss., and from there
they will probably go to Biloxi for
a short stay.

Mrs. C. B. Huggins left a few
days ago for Murfreesboro, Tenn.,
where she will spend some time with
relatives and friends.

Miss Frances Jones, whom Grenada
will always claim, is here from
Monteagle, Tenn., visiting friends.
She was the guest for a few days in
the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A.
Roane and family and is now with
Judge and Mrs. Wm. C. McLean and
family.

Mrs. L. C. Proby and two children
left Tuesday to spend some time in
Brookhaven with Mrs. Proby's
mother, Mrs. W. W. Henderson.

Mrs. Jessie Quinn of Greenwood,
and her sister-in-law, Mrs. T. W.
Cooley of Isola are delighting the
home of Mrs. Quinn's parents, Mr.
and Mrs. J. M. Cooley, eight miles
east of Grenada, with their pres-
ence. Mrs. Cooley has her little son
with her.

Saturday, July 14, you can buy sugar
at Weyneth's at 10 cents per pound.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brooks, Jr.,
have returned to their home in Lam-
bert after a short visit with their
parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brooks,
in Grenada.

Robert Townes left the first of
the week to spend several days in
Covington, Tenn.

Miss Aline Dickason has returned
to her home in Memphis after a
week's visit in Grenada. She was a
guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs.
H. K. Barwick and family on Main
Street.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Dubaad and
children of Dubard are visiting Mrs.
Dubard's mother and family at
Drew, Miss.

Saturday, July 14, you can buy sugar
at Weyneth's at 10 cents per pound.

Miss Rosa Cowan left Wednesday
afternoon for her home in Chatta-
nooga after a two weeks' visit in
Grenada with her brother and sis-
ter, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cowan.

Miss Edna Jones left Monday for
her home in Bogalusa, La., after a
brief visit in Grenada in the home of
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Horn and family.
Miss Jones is pleasantly remembered
in Grenada, having for a number of
years resided here. She is the daugh-
ter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. E. Jones.

Miss Mary Hall arrived yesterday
at noon from her home in Memphis
and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J.
B. Perry and family. She has a host
of friends here who are delighted to
see her on her visits "home."

Misses Vera Horn and Mary Na-
son reached home last Friday morn-
ing from a several week's tour of
the western states. They report a
most delightful and interesting trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stillwell and
family expect to leave in a few days
for Kentucky where Mr. Stillwell has
purchased a poultry and fruit farm
near Pembroke. Their many Grenada
friends wish them the greatest suc-
cess in their new home.

Miss Mary Roane is visiting
friends in Murfreesboro, Tenn., and
will remain there perhaps a week.
From Murfreesboro, she expects to
go to Monteagle for a two weeks'
stay. Miss Roane left Tuesday and
is expected to return home the last
of the month.

DUCK HILL YOUNG MAN LOSES LIFE IN OIL FIELDS

The remains of Robert Doyle Mit-
chell reached Grenada Wednesday
at noon from Paul's Valley, Okla-
homa and were taken to Duck Hill
for burial after funeral services con-
ducted by Rev. Mr. Hargis, a Bapt-
ist minister of Oxford, assisted by
Rev. Mr. Milling, pastor of the Pres-
byterian Church at Duck Hill, with
Masonic ceremonies conducted by
Duck Hill Masonic lodge.

Mr. Mitchell had been in Okla-
homa working in the oil fields for
three years employed as a driller
and he lost his life Monday while
engaged in his occupation. It seems
that the brakes on a cable drum
slipped or failed to work, releasing
a lever which struck him under the
chin, causing instantaneous death.

The body was accompanied home,
by his wife and little daughter, his
brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Nel-
son, and a fellow-workman.

The dead man was 28 years of age
and was the son of Mrs. J. W. Mit-

chell of Duck Hill. He served his
country in the World War and it
was shortly after his discharge from
the army that he went to Oklahoma.
He enjoyed the confidence and es-
teem of all who knew him and was a
young man of exemplary habits. He
was a member of the Baptist Church
at Duck Hill and also belonged to
Duck Hill Masonic Lodge.

The Sentinel extends condolence
to the distressed family.

A LITTLE BOY PASSES ON

James, the three-year old son of family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thompson, last
Sunday morning answered the sum-
mons of the Father and passed on
to his Heavenly home, there to await
the coming of his loved ones. The
little fellow had been ill only a few
days and his sudden taking away
leaves a vacant place in the home
that can never be filled.

After funeral services at the resi-
dence conducted by Rev. R. A.
Tucker, the remains were laid to
rest in Odd Fellows Cemetery Mon-
day morning. The Sentinel tenders
its sympathy to the grief-stricken
family.



SUMMER TIME AND THE NEW EDISON

With the New Edison your Living Room
will take on an atmosphere of joyfulness that
will be in harmony with the season. Your
Summer Porch will provide the young folks
with an ideal place for entertainment of their
guests.

The New Edison offers you the artist
in all but physical presence
Summer Time is Music Time

Let us demonstrate

Sharp Furniture Co.

Phone 150

RUGS

Just received a new stock of Wilton Velvet,
Axminster, Heatherdown, and Tapestry
Brussel Art Squares.

New Colorings, New Designs

Beautiful Fringed Art Squares

9x12 Priced at \$27.50

These new rugs are priced as usual, very
reasonable, and will mean a saving to you.

Sharp Furniture Co.

Announcing Our July Clearance of Summer Goods

For this event which begins

SATURDAY, JULY 14

We have marked our entire stock of seasonable
summer goods at prices which make it possible for
our customers to secure the best in summer materi-
als, at prices which represent only a fraction of their
real value.

Coming at this time, when summer is not half
over and any summer garment can give its full share
of wear before cooler weather comes, this clearance
offers bargains that are doubly attractive.

FOUNTAIN'S GREENWOOD MISSISSIPPI

(Continued from page 2)

"Glt up," said Sam, "an go pick up them letters."

Keith gathered up the envelopes and presented them, with a bow, to the governess. He had recovered partial poise and his face was pale as wax, his eyes evil.

"I'll mail them, Miss Nicholson," said Sandy. "Let's go." He took Sam aside as the car swung round and up to the porch. "Sammy," Sandy's eyes twinkled, "I didn't save you an' Miss Nicholson was so well acquainted."

Same looked his partner in the eyes and used almost the same words for which he had just fumed Keith. But he said them with a smile.

"You go plumb to h—!"

Creel, president of the Hereford National bank, a banker keen at a bargain, shot out his underlip when Keith, with Sandy in attendance, tendered him the money for all shares of the Molly mine sold in Hereford, including his own.

"You say the mine has petered out?" he asked Keith, with palpable suspicion. Keith glanced swiftly at Sandy sitting across the table from him in the little directors' room back of the bank proper. Sandy sat sphinx-like. As if by accident, his hands were on his hips, the fingers resting on his gun butts.

"That is the news from my superintendent," said Keith. "I wish I could doubt it. Under the circumstances, consulting with Mr. Bourke, who represents the majority stock, we concluded there was no other action for us to take but to recall the shares, although the money had actually passed."

"Humph!" Keith's suavity did not appear entirely to smooth down Creel's chagrin at losing what he had considered a good thing. He smelt a mouse somewhere. "There are only two reasons for repurchasing such stock," he said crisply. "The course you take is rarely honorable and suggests great credit. The second reason would be a strike of rich ore rather than a failure."

"I will guarantee the failure, Creel," said Sandy. "If, at any time, a strike is made in the Molly, I shall be glad to transfer to you personally the same amount of shares from my own holdings. I'll put that in writing, if you prefer it."

"No," said Creel. "It ain't necessary." He glanced at the retransfers. Sandy signed Keith's accounts and took Keith's check for the balance, placing it in a personal account for Molly. The check was on the Hereford bank and it practically exhausted Keith's last resources.

Keith's powerful arm made nothing of the few miles between Hereford and the Three Star and it was only mid-afternoon when they arrived. Molly and Donald Keith were still absent, there was no sign of Brandon.

Keith stayed in his car, smoking, ignoring the very existence of the ranch and its people. The afternoon wore on with the sun dropping gradually toward the last quarter of the day's march. At four o'clock one of the Three Star riders came in at a gallop, carrying double. Behind him, clinging tight, was Donald Keith, woe-begone, almost exhausted, his riding clothes snagged and soiled, his shining puttees scuffed and scratched. He staggered as he slid out of the saddle and clung to the cantle, head sunk on arms until Sandy took him by the arm. Keith sprang from his car and came over. Sam and Mormon hurried up.

"What's this?" demanded Keith angrily, suspicion rife in his voice.

"I picked him up three miles back, hoofin' it. He was headin' for Bitter Flats but he wanted the ranch," said the cowboy to Sandy, ignoring Keith. "We burned wind an' leather comin' in, seen' Jim Plimsoll an' some of his gang have made off with Miss Molly!"

"Where'd this happen?" demanded Sandy. "Sam, go get Pronto for me an' saddle up."

"That's the h—l of it," said the rider. "The pore d—n fool don't know. Plumb loco! Scared to death. Been wanderin' round sence afore noon."

Donald Keith sagged suddenly and Sandy picked the lad up in his arms, strode with him to the car and laid him on the cushions.

"Glt some water," he ordered Keith. "We've got no hicker on the ranch."

Keith bent, opened a shallow drawer beneath the seat and produced a silver flask. He unscrewed the top and poured some liquor into it. Sandy raised the boy's head and lifted the whisky to his pallid lips, gray as his face where the flesh matched the powdery alkali that covered it.

The cordis trickled down and Donald's eyes opened. Almost immediately color came back into his cheeks and lips and he tried to sit up. Sandy helped him.

"Now, sonny," he said. "Tell us about it. Where did you leave Molly?"

"I don't know just where. I wasn't noticing just which way we rode. She did the leading. I don't know how I ever got back."

"Didn't she tell you where you were makin' for?"

"She didn't name it. It was a little lake in some canyon where Molly said there used to be beavers."

"Beaver Dam canyon," said Sandy exultantly. "You left her 'bout seven. How fast did you trail?"

"We walked the horses most of the time. It was all uphill. And I looked at my watch a little before it happened. It was a quarter of eleven. We saw some men ahead of us. Molly wondered who they could be. Then

out who you sold stock to easy enough, but I don't care to waste the time. You an' me can ride into town in yore car an' clean 'this all up befo' the bank closes. We'll leave the money with Creel of the Hereford National. Then you can come back an' glt yore boy."

"I don't remember the names," Blake took the record of them," said Keith sullenly.

"Then we'll have him in."

Sandy went to the door and hailed Sam and Mormon. They came to the office escorting Blake, whose fox-face moved from side to side with furtive eyes as if he smelled a trap.

"We want the list of the folks you unloaded Molly stock to," said Sandy. Blake looked at his employer who sat glowering at his clear end, licked his lips and said nothing.

"Tell him, you d—d fool!" grunted Keith.

"The stubs are in the car at Hereford depot," said Blake. "In the safe."

"Money there, too? I suppose you cashed the checks?"

"I deposited them to my own account," said Keith. "Come on, let's get this over with since you are determined to throw away your own and your partners' good money, to say nothing of the girl's. She could bring suit against you, Bourke, with a good chance of winning."

He glanced hopefully at Mormon and Sam. They kept on grinning.

"Round up that chauffeur, Sam. Will you?" asked Sandy. "Tell him we're startin' for Hereford right off."

Kate Nicholson and Miranda Bailey were on the ranch-house veranda.

"Could I ask you to mail these letters, Mr. Keith? Two of Molly's and one of my own." Kate Nicholson advanced toward him, the letters in hand. With a spurt of fury Keith snatched at the letters and threw them on the ground.

"To h—l with you!" he shouted, his face enpurpled. "You're fired!" All of his polish stripped from him like peeling veneer, he appeared merely a coarse bully.

Sam came up the veranda in two jumps and a final leap that left him with his hands entwined in Keith's coat collar. He whirled that astounded person half around and slammed him up against the wall of the ranch-house, rumples, gasping, with trembling hands that lifted before the menace of Sam's gun.

"I oughter shoot the tongue out of you befo' I put a slug through yore head," said Sam, standing in front of the promoter, tense as a jaguar coiled for a spring. His eyes glittered, his voice pecked with venom. "You glt down on yo' knees, you ringleader skunk, an' apologize to this here Creel an' hises, you stinkin' scoundrel, an' I'll make you lick her shoes. Deax with you or I'll send you straight to judgment!"

"No, Sam, Mr. Manning—it isn't necessary," protested Kate Nicholson. "Please . . ."

Sam looked at her cold-eyed.

"This is my party," he said. "I'll do him good. I'll let him off lickin' yo' shoes, he might spile the leather. But he'll get them letters he chucked away, glt 'em on all-fours, like the sneakin', slinkin', double-crossin' coyote he is. Crook yo' knees first an' apologize!"

Sam fired a shot and the promoter jumped galvanically as the bullet tore



Sam Fired a Shot and the Promoter Jumped Galvanically as the Bullet Tore Through the Planking.

through the planking of the ranch house between his trembling knees.

"I regret, Miss Nicholson," he commenced huskily, "that I let my temper get the better of me. I was greatly upset. In the matter of your services I was—er—doubtless hasty. It can be arranged."

He shrank at the tap of Sam's gun on his shoulder, willing to his knees. "She wouldn't work for you for the time it takes a rabbit to dodge a rattler," said Sam. "She never did work for you. It was Molly's money paid her. Kate's goin' to stay right here as long as she chooses an' I . . ."

Catching Kate Nicholson's gaze, the admiring look of a woman who has never before been championed, conscious of the fact that he had blurted out her Christian name and disclosed the secret of that touch of intimacy between them, Sam grew crimson through his tan. Kate Nicholson's face was rosy; both were embarrassed.

"Thank you, Mr. Manning," she said. "Please let him get up, and put away your pistol."

they disappeared. We were riding in a pass and two of them showed again, coming out of the trees ahead of us. One of them, on a big black horse, held up his hand."

"Jim Plimsoll!"

"Yes, Molly recognized him and spoke to him to get out of the trail. Grit was trailing us. Plimsoll wouldn't move. I heard more horses back of us and I turned to look. Two more men were coming up behind. Molly spurred Blaze on and cut at Plimsoll with her quirt. He grabbed her hand with his left. Grit sprang up at him and he got out his gun from the shoulder sling and shot him."

"Shot the dawg? Hit him?"

"Yes, in the leg. He fired at him again, but Grit got into the brush."

"Just what were you doin' all the time?" Sandy knew the lad was a tenderfoot, knew he would have been small use on such an occasion, but the thought of Grit rising to the rescue, falling back shot, brought the taunt.

"The two men behind told me to throw up my hands," said young Keith, his face reddening. "What could I do?"

"Nothin', son. You c'dn't have done a thing. Go on."

"Plimsoll twisted Molly's wrist so that the quirt fell to the ground. The man who was with him tossed his rope over her and they twisted it round her arms. I had the muzzle of a rifle poked into my ribs. They made me get off my horse. And they made me walk back along the trail. They fired bullets each side of me and laughed at me when I dodged." Donald's eyes were filled with tears of self-pity and the remembrance of his helpless rage. "I didn't know what to do. I couldn't rescue Molly without a horse. I only had a revolver against their rifles and I'm not much of a shot. I tried to get back here but it was hard to find the way. I was all in when your man found me."

"All right, my son. Keith, I'm goin' to borrow that flask of yores. Might need it."

He jumped from the car, flask in hand, and ran to the ranch house. Kate Nicholson met him as he entered. "Has anything happened to Molly?" she gasped.

"That's what I'm goin' to find out," Sandy answered. "Mormon, glt me my cartridge belt an' some extra shells for my rifle."

"You ain't takin' Sam?" asked Mormon, returning with the cartridge belt, Sandy's rifle and a box of shells.

"Sam ain't comin'," said Sandy, filling his rifle magazine and breech, stowing away extra clips. "I'm goin' in alone. M'n one 'ut be likely to spoil sign. Mormon, m'n one is likely to advertise we're comin'. They're liable to leave a lookout. Plimsoll's clearin' out of the country an' I'm trailin' him clear through h—l if I have to. He's harmed Molly. I'll stake him out with a green hide wrapped around him an' his eyelids sliced off. I'll sit in the shade an' watch him frizzle an' yell when the hide shrinks in the sun. This is my private play, Mormon. You an' Sam can back it up, but I'm handlin' the cards."

He left the room and they saw him covering the ground in a wolf trot to where Sam, astride his own favorite mount, held Pronto ready saddled. They saw Sam's protest, Sandy's vigorous overruling of it, and then Sandy was up-saddle and away at a brisk lope with Sam gazing after him disconsolately. Keith's car was turning for the trip to Hereford, spurning the dust of the Three Star ranch forever—and not lamented.

Sandy, his eyes like the mica flakes that show in gray granite, his humorous mouth a stern line, little bunches of muscles at the junction of his jaws,



Sandy Was a Crucible Filled With 'Glowing White Fury.'

held the pinto to a steady lope that ate up the ground, drifting straight and fast across country for the opening in the mesa that he had marked as the short-cut to the spot described by Donald Keith. Every now and then he talked his thoughts aloud, as the lonely rider will, and if the pinto could not understand, he listened with pricked ears.

"Grit must have been hurt pretty bad, I'm afraid. Wonder who the three were with Plimsoll? They've gone to the Hideout an' we got to find it, I'll hawss. Some job, I reckon. But Plimsoll's goin' to be mighty sorry for himsef befo' long."

Sandy was a crucible filled with glowing white fury. Thoughts of what Plimsoll might achieve in insult

and injury to Molly could not be kept out of his mind and they but added fuel. It was not Sandy Bourke of the Three Bar, riding his favorite pinto, but a desperate man on a horse infected with the same grim determination, a man with a face that, despite the fiery heat within, blazing from his eyes, would have chilled the blood of any meeting him.

The place it had taken Molly and young Keith nearly three hours to reach in leisurely fashion, Sandy gained in one, splashing through the shallows of Willow creek at the ford below the big bend and giving Pronto the chance to cool his fetlocks and rinse out his mouth in the cold water.

Ahead lay the chimney ravine that led around into Beaver Dam canyon. In which Molly and the boy had been attacked. Sandy rode on down the narrow trail. Once in a while he broke a branch and left it swinging as a guide to Sam when he should follow with the riders from the ranch.

The tracks of Molly's Blaze and the horse Donald had been riding were plain as print to Sandy. He even noticed the slot of Grit's pads here and there in softer soil.

The place of the struggle was plain. The brush was trampled. To one side of the trail there was a clot of blood, almost black, with flies buzzing attention to it. It must have come from Grit.

"I'll score one for you, Grit, while I'm about it," muttered Sandy as he dismounted and carefully surveyed the sign. Six horses had gone on, one led.

Sandy swung up the heavy stirrups and tied them above the saddle seat. He stripped the reins from the bridle and pulled down Pronto's wise head. "Hit the back-trail for home, I'll hawss," he said. "If I need me a mount to glt back I'll borrow one. I got to go belly-trailin' pretty soon."

He gave the pinto a cautious slap on the flank and Pronto started off down the trail. So far Sandy believed he had not been seen. If he had, a rifle-shot would have been the first warning.

A buzzard hung in the early evening sky, circling high and then suddenly dropping in a swoop.

"Looks like Grit's cashed in," thought Sandy. "That bird was a late comer, at that."

But it was not Grit.

The ravine curved, forked. One way led to Beaver Dam lake, the other rifted deep through rocky outcrop, leading to the Waterline range. The boundary fence crossed it. Two posts had been broken out; the wire dangled. Through the gap led the sign that Sandy followed. The clouds were assembling for sunset overhead, the moon just topped the eastern cliffs, beginning to send out a measure of reflected light. A beam struck a little cylinder, the emptied shell of a thirty-thirty rifle. There was another close by. And scanty soil was marked with more hoof prints. Sandy halted, wondering the key to the puzzle. Did it mean a quarrel between Plimsoll's men? Altogether he figured there had been a dozen horses over the ground. It was only a swift guess but he knew it close to the mark. Had Plimsoll been joined or attacked? And . . . ?

Walking cat-footed, he made no sound but suddenly three buzzards rose on heavy wings and he went swiftly to where they had been squatting. A dead man lay up against the cliff, a saddle blanket thrown over his face. This had held off the carrion birds. The body was limp and still warm, it had been a corpse only a short time. Sandy took off the blanket.

It was Wyatt! A bullet had made a small hole in his skull by the right temple and crashed out through the back of his head in a bloody gap!

CHAPTER XIX

The Hideout.

The row that had culminated at the Waterline ranch, ending in the trouble between Plimsoll and Wyatt, had brewed steadily. There had collected, besides Plimsoll's riders, Butch Parsons, Hahn and others of Plimsoll's following who had been forced from their livelihood as gamblers. They still hung together, waiting for Plimsoll to make a clean-up of his horses and move to places where they were less discredited.

Plimsoll had lost caste as a leader. His moods were morose or bragging. His ascendancy was gone. The crowd clung to him like so many leeches, waiting for a split of the proceeds of the sale of horses that no one appeared eager to buy in quantity. Ready cash was short. There were frequent quarrels; through it all there worked the leaven of Wyatt's jealousy, fermenting steadily.

When the split came, after an all-night session with cards and liquor, following the refusal of a dealer to buy the herd, it was not merely a matter between Wyatt and Plimsoll. Sides were taken and the weaker driven from the ranch. Preparations were made for departure.

"It's a rotten mess," Butch Parsons told Plimsoll. "Wyatt or one of the others'll tell all they know. We'll go South. That's my plan. You can find a buyer in Tucson. Put the horses in the Hideout. There's grub there and a safe place to lay low if anything goes wrong. They'll have a fine time proving up the horses are stolen. We've got to take a chance. There's a good chance of a sale in Tucson."

Within an hour the herd, already corralled for the chance of a quick sale, was being driven to the glen known as the Hideout, a little mountain park with water and good feed where Plimsoll placed the horses that his men drove off from far-away

Plimsoll bought from other dealers of his own sort, keeping them there until their brands were noticed and possible pursuit died down. There were two entrances to the Hideout, one through a narrow gut almost blocked by a fallen boulder, with only a passage wide enough to let through horse and rider single file, a way that could be easily barricaded or masked so that none would suspect any opening in the cliff. The second led by a winding way through a desolate region, over rock that left no sign and wound by twists and turns that none but the initiated could follow. The place, accidentally discovered, was perfect for its purpose. There was feed enough for the entire herd for a month. There was a cabin in a side gully of the park, near the blocked entrance, the whole place was honeycombed with caves, in the towering sidewalls and underground.

Five of the nine left of the Waterline outfit drove the herd. Hahn and Parsons could both ride, but they were not experts at handling horses. They chose to go with Plimsoll and the outfit-cook, while the rest took the long way round to the other way in. The four lingered to give the rest a start.

"I hate leaving the country without evenin' up some way with the Bourke outfit," said Plimsoll. "D—n him and the rest of them, they broke the luck for us. As for the girl, if . . ."

"Oh, quit throwin' the bull con about that, Jim," said Parsons bluntly. "Sandy Bourke's a d—n good man for you to leave alone an' you know it. Talk ain't goin' to hurt him."

"I'm coming back some time," said Plimsoll with a string of oaths. "Then you'll see something besides talk."

Parsons jeered at him. Plimsoll was no longer the leader and he knew it. But he hung on to the semblance of authority that an open quarrel with Butch might shatter. Butch was a bully, but Plimsoll respected his shooting. And Hahn sided with him. The cook did not count.

Plimsoll carried with him a fine pair of binoculars and, as they rode leisurely on and reached a vantage point, he swept the tumbled horizon for signs of any strange riders. It was the caution of habit as much as actual fear of a raid.

At times Plimsoll rode aside from the trail to a ridge crest for wider vision. At last, coming up the pass of Willow creek, he sighted Molly and Donald with Grit trotting beside them. It was the dog that confirmed his first surmise. He had heard that Molly had returned, but he had not dared a visit to the Three Star. Who the rider with her was he did not care. That it was a tenderfoot was plain by his clothes and by his seat. As he adjusted the powerful glasses to a better focus Plimsoll's face twisted to an ugly smile.

"I'll show you if I do nothing but talk," he said to Butch after he told them of his discovery. "We'll wait for them along the trail. We'll send the chap with her back afore."

"And what'll you do with her?" asked Hahn. "We've had enough of skirts, Plimsoll. This is no time to be mixed up with them."

"Isn't it?" The drink had given Plimsoll some of his old swagger, and the prospect of hatching the revenge over which he had brooded so long took possession of him. "Then you're a bigger fool than I thought you, Hahn. That particular skirt, aside from my personal interest in her, represents about a quarter of a million dollars—maybe more. She's got a quarter interest and a little better in the Molly mine. The Three Star owns another quarter. How much will they give up to have her back? Bourke's her guardian, remember. I think the chap with her may be young Keith. We won't monkey with him. He'll do to tell what happened. But we'll take the girl along and we'll send back word of how much we want to let her go. After I'm through with her. She may not go back the same as she came, but they won't know that and they'll pay enough to set us up and to h—l with the herd."

"You'll have the whole county searching the range," objected Parsons. "There's a lot know something about the Hideout and they'll use Wyatt to show 'em the way. Bourke'll guess where she is."

"Let him. Wyatt don't know about the caves, does he? We can take her some other place tomorrow. We won't say anything now to the kid about a ransom. We'll mail a letter after we fix details. But we'll take the girl into the Hideout now. That tenderfoot'll be lucky if he drifts back to the Three Star by nightfall afore. We'll be out of the place long before that. And we'll put her where they can't find her till they come through. I'm running this."

The cook had ridden on ahead. Now he was waiting for them, looking back. Parsons shrugged his shoulders. "How do we split?" asked Hahn.

"Three ways," said Plimsoll. "We'll take her to the cabin. The rest'll be at the other end. We'll keep Cookie with us—for the present. No need for the boys to know about it. We can manage that all right. Three ways, and I handle the girl."

Butch Parsons grinned at him.

"I thought you'd lost all your nerve, Jim, but I guess I was wrong. All right, it goes as it lays. Now, then, how'll we bring it off?"

Plimsoll talked glibly, continuingly. Hahn had some objections, but Plimsoll overruled them plausibly enough.

"I don't see the sense of letting the kid go," questioned Hahn. "He's good for a big split as well as the girl."

"You're a fool when it comes to looking ahead, Hahn. You always were," answered Plimsoll. "Keith—the old man—is too big a fish to monkey with. Got too many pulls and connections. He'd have the whole country out and the trick played up big in every dinky newspaper. We've got one fish—of it will have—no sense straining the net. We don't want the kid. Let him string along back best way he can. We'll get all the start we need. What else would you do with him?"

(To be Continued)

T. N. GORE FOR FLOATER

Among the list of candidates in The Sentinel's announcement columns submitting their names to the electorate at the August primary will be seen this week that of Mr. T. N. Gore for floater-representative. Mr. Gore lives near Sweetman, Montgomery County.

He was reared on a farm being one of ten children, a fact which in itself is a fair recommendation to him. He was educated at the common schools of his community, later attended the Tennessee Normal at Henderson, Tenn., and afterward Valparaiso University at Valparaiso, Ind. Thus it will be seen that by birth and by training and surroundings, Mr. Gore ought to be in a position to understand the needs of the people of Grenada and of Montgomery counties, and that he ought to be able to render that service as a legislator specially needed at this time.

Those who know Mr. Gore best bear abundant testimony to his honesty and to his sincerity of purpose.

That he is a man of far more than ordinary talent and of more ordinary capacity goes without saying. Indeed it has often been stated of his family that they are all people of some remarkable talents. It might not be amiss here to state that Mr. Gore is a cousin of Mrs. J. M. Wyatt, a very brilliant woman and the wife of one of the leading ministers of the North Mississippi Conference. Mrs. Wyatt is well known in Grenada.

Mr. Gore has some decided convictions about governmental matters and will not doubt seek opportunity to appear before the voters in different parts of Grenada county to give his views on various questions. If the state ever needed men of strong minds and possessed of the ability to make themselves felt in the councils of those who are conducting public affairs, that time is now. The Sentinel feels sure that the people of Grenada County will give Mr. Gore's candidacy that courteous consideration which has so long characterized them in their attitude towards all men.



Your guest will be sure to compliment you on your fine cake, if you bake with Valier's Dainty Flour. For Dainty is milled from only the choicest soft winter wheat. It costs a little more, but you are sure of better baking.



Drive Away MOSQUITOES

Sweet Dreams, the great mosquito lotion 35¢ a bottle at your druggist's

RED-TOP BOTTLES

Sweet Dreams

Queen Rose Flour

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Grenada County, Miss., at the office of the Chancery Clerk, Grenada, until 11:00 o'clock A. M. Saturday, August 11, 1923 and at that time publicly opened for Federal aid project No. 147, the same being a part of State Trunk Road No. between Grenada and Calhoun City.

The length of road to be improved or constructed is 7.672 miles and the principal items of work are approximately as follows:

11.87 acres Clearing and Grubbing
25254.0 cu yds Common Excavation.

70644.0 cu yds Borrow Excavation
245.0 lin ft 18" T. S. V. C. Pipe
412.24 cu yds Class "A" Concrete in culverts

16.64 cu yds Class "C" Concrete in culverts
41692.0 lbs. Reinforcing steel in culverts

7.672 miles Bermuda sod
BRIDGES

485.83 cu yds Class "A" Concrete
52690.0 lbs. Reinforcing steel
768.0 lin ft Foundation piling

249444.0 ft B M Creosoted lumber
12640.0 ft B M Untreated lumber
10984.0 lin ft Creosoted piling

201.5 sq yds Concrete paving
561.0 cu yds Gravel, 1 mile haul
17776.9 units Gravel, 1/2 mile over haul

308.0 lin ft Concrete railing
1.0 100 ft Steel span complete except floor.

Plans and specifications are on file in the office of the State Highway Engineer at Jackson and in the office of the Chancery Clerk, in the Court House, Grenada, Miss.

Any additional information may be secured from the State Highway Engineer, Jackson, Miss. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

Cash or certified check for \$5,000.00 made payable to Board of Supervisors of Grenada County must accompany each bid as evidence of good faith and as a guarantee that if awarded contract, the bidder will execute the contract and give bond as required.

H. C. DIETZER,
7-6-6t State Highway Engineer

TRUSTEE'S NOTICE OF SALE.

Whereas, Mat Arnold and his wife, L. A. Arnold, did on the 25th day of November 1921 execute and deliver to the undersigned as Trustee a deed of trust on the land herein-after described, to secure certain indebtedness therein mentioned, to the Bank of Holcomb, which deed of trust is of record in Book 58 at Page 365 of the records of mortgages on land in Grenada County, State of Mississippi, and which deed of trust was a renewal of a deed of trust from the same parties to the Bank of Holcomb of date December 21st, 1920, recorded in Book 58 at Page 216 of the record of land mortgages of Grenada County, Mississippi, and which last mentioned deed of trust was a renewal of a deed of trust from the same parties to the Bank of Holcomb of date January 17th, 1920, recorded in Book 58 at Page 143 of the record of land mortgages of Grenada County, Mississippi; and whereas the last mentioned deed of trust of date January 17th, 1920 described the land therein conveyed as follows: "The following land in the County of Grenada, Mississippi, viz: West half of the southeast quarter and northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of Sec. 17, Township 21, Range 3 east. Intending to convey hereunder all land we or any of us own therein whether herein described or not;" and whereas the grantors therein did at the date of the execution and delivery of said deed of trust own the following land in said Grenada County, Mississippi, to-wit: Northeast quarter of northeast quarter of Sec. 7, Township 21, Range 3 east; which last described subdivision of land the beneficiary and the grantors in said deed of trust expected and intended to be conveyed in said deed of trust, and which under the provisions of said deed of trust was embraced in and therein conveyed; and which lands were embraced in and properly described in the subsequent renewals of said deed of trust. And whereas the indebtedness secured by said above deed of trust is past due and unpaid, and having been requested by the owner and holder of said indebtedness secured by said deed of trust to execute the trust contained therein: Notice is hereby given that I will as such Trustee, on the 28th day of July 1923, offer for sale and sell at the east door of the court house in the City of Grenada, Grenada County, State of Mississippi, within legal hours, at public outcry, to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate to-wit:

West half of southeast quarter and northeast quarter of southwest quarter of Section 17, Township 21,

Range 3 east, and northeast quarter of northeast quarter of Section 7 Township 21 Range 3 east, in Grenada County, State of Mississippi.

Title to said property is believed to be good but I will convey only such title as is vested in me as such trustee.

This the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1923.

B. C. ADAMS,
7-6-4t pd Trustee

Statement of the Financial Condition of

Grenada Trust & Banking Co.

Located at Grenada, in the County of Grenada, State of Mississippi, at the close of business June 30th, 1923, made to the Board of Bank Examiners.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts 209,261.90
Overdrafts Secured 11,756.76
Overdrafts, unsecured 378.93
United States Bonds, Certificates of Indebtedness and War Savings 29,000.00
Stamps 57,000.00
Stocks, Bonds, Securities, etc. 5,532.36
Warrants (State, County and Municipal) 1,500.00
Guaranty Fund with State Treasurer 3,000.00
Banking House and Lot 5,000.00
Other Real Estate owned 81,217.74
Due from other Banks commercial or reserve funds 55.79
Exchange and Checks for next day's clearings 4,640.00
Currency 800.00
Gold Coin 1,265.86
Silver, Coin Nickles and Cents 410,409.34
Total \$410,409.34

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock 20,000.00
Surplus Fund 30,000.00
Undivided Profits, less amount paid for interest, taxes and current expenses 6,567.74
Dividends 96.00
Individual Deposits subject to check 221,309.47
Time Certificates of Deposit 132,436.13
Total \$410,409.34

I, H. J. Ray, President, do solemnly swear that the above is a true statement of the financial condition of Grenada Trust & Banking Co., located at Grenada, in the County of Grenada, State of Mississippi, at the close of business on the 30th day of June 1923, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Correct—Attest:
H. J. RAY, President,
J. J. HARDY,
J. P. BROADSTREET,
Directors,
State of Mississippi, County of Grenada.

Sworn to and subscribed before me by H. J. Ray, President, this 9th day of July, 1923.

W. K. Huffington,
Notary Public,
My commission expires January 11th, 1926.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Grenada, Mississippi, will receive sealed bids, to be opened at the Regular August, 1923, meeting of said Board, for the curbing, gutting, storm-sewering and paving of the following respective portions of the following respective streets in said city, according to the plans and specifications and drawings therefor, prepared by J. H. Dorrach, engineer, and adopted by said Board and on file at the Mayor's Office in said city, namely: (a) Green street from Spring street to the wood block paving on the Public Square, (b) Main street, from Spring street to the wood block paving on the Public Square, (c) Main street, from Second street to the southern end of Main street, the paving on this street to be forty feet wide, being twenty feet on each side of the centre thereof, (d) Line street from north end of intersection of Line and Main streets to the Old Middleton Road, (e) Second street from the I. C. R. R. Crossing to Line street, (f) Doak street, from Depot street to south end of Doak street and Line street from South street to Margin street, (g) South street from Water street to Line street, the paving on this street to be thirty feet wide, being fifteen feet on each side of the centre thereof, (h) Margin street from Commerce street to College Street, and Harvey street, from Main street to College street.

The Board reserves the right to reject all bids. Witness our signatures July 10th, 1923.

7-13-4t S. T. Tatum Mayor,
E. C. Neely, Recorder.

Statement of the Financial Condition of

GRENADA BANK

Located at Grenada, in the County of Grenada, State of Mississippi, at the close of business June 30th, 1923, made to the Board of Bank Examiners.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts 1,497,440.11
Overdrafts, unsecured 331.66
United States Bonds, Certificates of Indebtedness and War Savings 49,812.50
Stamps 107,350.00
Stocks, Bonds, Securities, etc. 9,948.40
Warrants (State, County and Municipal) 7,500.00
Guaranty Fund with State Treasurer 135,692.37
Banking house and lot Due from other Banks—commercial or reserve funds 538,842.49
Exchange and Checks for next day's clearings 683.88
Currency 16,809.00
Gold Coin 820.00
Silver Coin, Nickles and Cents 3,203.29
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank 16,500.00
Collection Account 14,398.45
Total \$2,399,332.15

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock 25,000.00
Surplus Fund 200,000.00
Undivided Profits, less amount paid for interest, taxes and current expenses 9,475.84
Dividends 442.00
Individual Deposits subject to check 1,158,474.88
Time Certificates of Deposit 430,580.44
Bank Deposits—other than branches 58,692.43
Due Branch Banks 510,593.87
Reserved for accrued interest on deposits 6,072.69
Total \$2,399,332.15

I, B. C. Adams, Cashier, do solemnly swear that the above is a true statement of the financial condition of Grenada Bank, located at Grenada, in the County of Grenada, State of Mississippi, at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1923, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Correct—Attest:
B. C. ADAMS, Cashier,
L. J. DOAK,
R. C. TRUSTY, Directors,
State of Mississippi, County of Grenada.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, A. N. Rayburn, this 7th day of July, 1923.

A. N. RAYBURN,
Notary Public,
My commission expires August 11, 1923.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS

The Board of Supervisors of Grenada county will receive sealed bids until noon, Monday August 6th, 1923, for repairing county jail according to plans and specifications on file in the Chancery Clerk's office. All bids to be accompanied by certified check for 10% of bid, as evidence of good faith. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

J. B. KEETON,
7-13-3t Clerk Board of Supervisors

If Mrs. Claud Perry will call at the opera house before July 18th, she will be given a ticket to "My American Wife," with Gloria Swanson and all-star cast, which will be shown Thursday and Friday, July 19-20.



Walker Wood, of Winona, Montgomery County, candidate for the office of Secretary of State. Mr. Wood is thoroughly competent and has the backing of the people of his County. He is making the race on his merits but asks that the people not forget that the present incumbent, his only opponent, has been in office for more than twenty years.

Statement of the Financial Condition of BANK OF HOLCOMB

Located at Holcomb, in the County of Grenada, State of Mississippi, at the close of business June 30th, 1923, made to the Board of Bank Examiners.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts 86,713.25
Warrants (State, County and Municipal) 98.54
Guaranty Fund with State Treasurer 1,000.00
Banking House and Lot Due from other Banks—commercial of reserve funds 5,531.17
Currency 1,802.00
Gold Coin 735.00
Silver Coin, Nickles and Cents 284.84
Total \$98,164.80

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock 10,000.00
Surplus Fund 2,000.00
Undivided Profits, less amount paid for interest, taxes and current expenses 2,073.76
Individual Deposits subject to check 53,266.42
Time Certificates of Deposit 30,470.53
Reserved for accrued interest on deposits 354.09
Total \$98,164.80

I, R. A. McRee, Jr., Cashier, do solemnly swear that the above is a true statement of the financial condition of Bank of Holcomb, located at Holcomb, in the County of Grenada, State of Mississippi, at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1923, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Correct—Attest:
R. A. McREE, JR., Cashier,
R. V. NASON,
BEN F. SMITH, Directors,
State of Mississippi, County of Grenada.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, Joe H. Harris, a Notary Public, this 6th day of July, 1923.

JOE H. HARRIS, Notary Public
My commission expires 6th day of Feb. 1924.

SEALED BIDS

The Board of Trustees of the Grenada City Schools will receive sealed bids for the construction of approximately four thousand feet (4000 ft) of concrete walk at the new high school building. Specifications can be obtained from the secretary of the board, W. D. Salmon. No bids received after July 27th.

J. B. Perry, President,
7-13-3t W. D. Salmon, Secretary.

COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD TO MEET

A meeting of the County School Board is hereby called to be held in the courthouse at Grenada at ten o'clock on the morning of Saturday, July 28, for the transaction of business. A full attendance is urged as matters of importance will be discussed.

M. McKIBBEN,
County Sup't Education
Grenada, Miss., July 10, 1923.
7-13-3t

CARD OF THANKS

We want to thank all of our friends who have been so kind to us during the brief illness and death of our precious little son and brother, James.

May God bless each one of you.
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thompson
Mabel Louzelle Thompson,
Fred and Eloise Thompson

BAPTIST S. S. CONVENTION TO MEET

The Grenada County Baptist S. S. Convention will meet at Bethel Church in the Oxberry community on the fourth Sunday in July, the 29th. If the superintendents of the schools will see that notice is given to all the people in your church and have a report from your school ready, you will be doing a good service. The meeting will be all day with dinner on the ground.

We also expect to have reports from the beat and county organizers.
C. C. White, Pres.

CIRCUIT COURT PRETERMITTED

Asked to Preterm Term Because of So Few Cases.

Acting on a petition from the bar of Grenada and the County officials, Judge Lamb has pretermitted the July term of the circuit court of Grenada County. There is a very light docket and the farmers are behind with their crops and just about that time, they will be endeavoring to make a final cleaning of the crops and "lay by."

The Sentinel is prepared to accept subscriptions to periodicals and magazines and will give shipping rates that will save the subscriber money.

Weak Eyes

Are made strong by Leonard's Eye Lotion. Inflammation is cured without pain in one day. No other eye remedy so pure and healing. Keeps the eyes in working trim. It makes strong eyes. Guaranteed or money refunded. All druggists sell it.

Sold by 2d Class Drug Store.

Insect bites?
MENTHOLATUM
stops the itching and gives comfort.

Everywhere—Royal Cords

United States Tires
are Good Tires

THE growing number of Royal Cord Clinchers you see on the roads gives an idea of how many car owners there are who want the best tire money can buy.

There weren't near enough Clincher Royals to go around last year.

This year—even with the production more than doubled—you can best be sure of them by taking them at the moment.



Where to buy U.S. Tires

MEER MOTOR CO., Grenada, Miss.
SLEDGE & COFFEY, Duck Hill, Miss.

Nothing Could Be More Timely Than the Announcement that

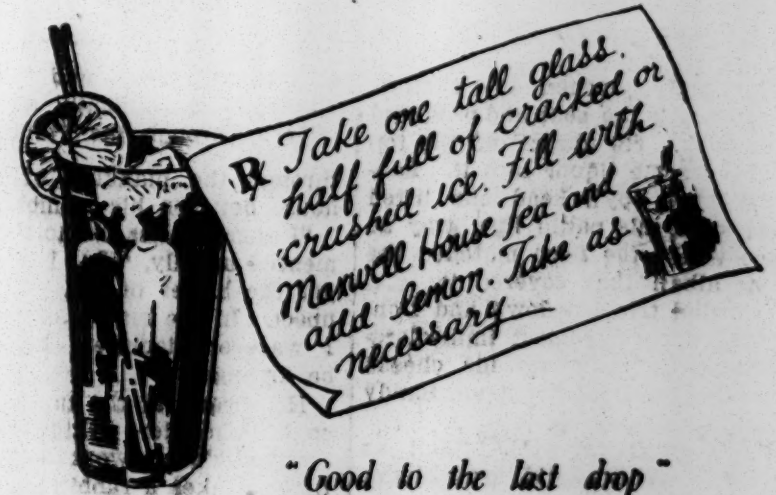
Allison's Wells the Famous Mississippi Health Resort, is now beginning its forty-fourth year of hospitality and entertainment.

If you feel the need of recreation and rest or if you are run-down, tired out and weakened from over-exertion or the effects of malaria, stomach or kidney, liver and bladder troubles, there is no better place in the South for you to go than Allison's.

The qualities which have made

Allison's popular and which are keeping it so—are its old-fashioned hospitality, its comfortable and convenient service, its splendid meals and its wonderful water. Hundreds of prominent Mississippians are enthusiastic in their endorsement of this splendid mineral water. It is Nature's own alternative and has relieved and helped thousands who are suffering from the ailments for which it is recommended.

ALLISON'S WELLS
Mineral Water---Hotel---Hot Sulphur Baths
An Ideal Place for your Vacation
Write or Wire
D. C. LATIMER & COMPANY
Way, Mississippi



Take one tall glass half full of cracked or crushed ice. Fill with Maxwell House Tea and add lemon. Take as necessary.

"Good to the last drop"

Magnificent
Flour